

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S ^{15c}

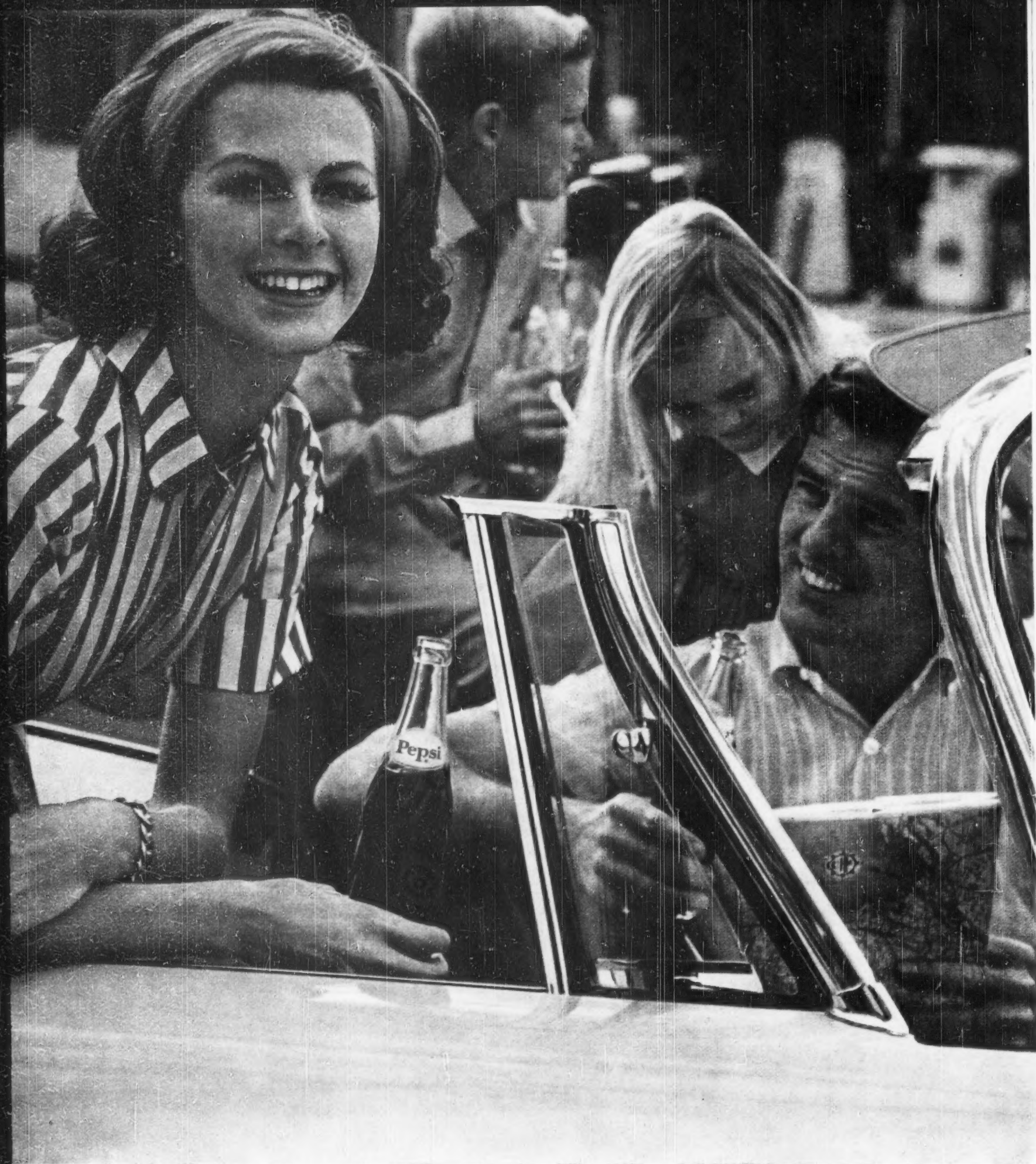
Why the churches shouldn't unite • How wild animals live in the city

The safe, certain birth-control measure that doctors won't talk about

Maclean's photographer Newlands rides with Canada's world champion Bob Hayward, in Miss Supertest III August 12 1961

**WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO PILOT THE WORLD'S
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THE PRAIRIE DROUGHT: Who will feel the pinch?

Since the drought of the "dirty thirties" when wind blew away so much prairie soil that, according to one observer, "gophers dug holes 20 feet in the air," the prairie provinces and the federal government have built several interlocking defenses against drought. Will these defenses work this year? Could more have been done? For some well-informed estimates of the drought's effect Maclean's Winnipeg correspondent, Ray Tulloch, interviewed Joseph H. Ellis, who started Manitoba's first soil conservation project, taught on the University of Manitoba faculty of agriculture for 37 years before his retirement in 1955 and is now working on a 35,000-acre land reclamation project for the Manitoba government.

Are prairie droughts inevitable?

A definite drought hazard does exist in western Canada. The records of early explorers and the figures we've kept since 1883 indicate that the drought which lasted from five to seven years during the thirties was the worst since

settlement began, but it certainly wasn't the most severe that has ever occurred in this area. We know now that prairie droughts are periodic and that we simply have to learn to live with them. **Knowing this, have prairie governments made enough preparations for this year's drought?**

I think so. As far back as the twenties, Alberta and Saskatchewan undertook formal studies of drought conditions. Since the thirties, provincial governments and later the federal government have taken several steps to reduce the effects of drought. These include construction of dams, more careful use of land and water, instruction for farmers in better cultivation methods, community pastures and crop insurance. I think farmers will weather any severe dry period much better now than they did 25 years ago.

Then why are estimated losses so high this year?

There are some things you just can't prepare for. We had a dry autumn and

later a light snowfall, which meant little reserve moisture in the soil and subsoil. You can't cultivate to retain moisture when there isn't any. Even a full dugout can lose 30 inches of water or more a year because of evaporation. The human factor is important too. A whole generation has grown up on the prairies without knowing what it's like to face a really dry period.

The biggest problems facing Manitoba farmers are a shortage of fodder and adequate pasture. A well-established farmer should be able to stand a year of drought. But farmers who built no reserve of hay and oats in recent years will be in trouble.

Will this year's drought begin another cycle of depression on the prairies?

We don't know. This is the first year in many years that this has happened. But even after the five to seven dry years during the thirties, the prairies snapped back to enter what has been a golden period for them. I'm optimistic.

WATCH FOR

EXCLUSIVE DISCOUNT STORES:

Some people are such good credit risks that a store will open soon in Toronto to sell them merchandise at cut rates. Called GEM (for Government Employees' Marts) the store will be limited to civil servants, teachers, members of the armed forces, police and firemen and employees of charitable organizations. Everyone else (presumably a bad credit risk) will be kept out by a system of membership cards and signature checks.

HANDLES ON BOWLING BALLS:

A U.S. manufacturer is making handles on bowling balls to replace finger holes. They're supposed to snap into place before the ball reaches the alley.

TRANSATLANTIC TV: It probably won't be available commercially until 1965, but Britain, France and the U.S. are co-operating to launch two experimental TV-relay satellites. The first, scheduled for 1962, will be an electronic device capable of receiving, storing, amplifying and rebroadcasting TV programs. The second, scheduled for 1963, will have a mirrored surface to bounce TV signals back to the earth.

WATCH OUT FOR

SCENTED NECKTIES: A U.S. tie-maker is selling cravats impregnated with odors of strawberries, pineapples, cut grass, leather and blue grapes.

TWO-STORY TRAILERS: A French company is selling a trailer with an upstairs room — presumably for the maid.



The Lake Winnipegosis monster, the story goes, is six to eight feet long, with a long neck and snout-like head that it occasionally sticks 18 inches out of the water. Last year, so many "honest and respected citizens" told the story to Dr. James A. McLeod, head of the University of Manitoba's zoology department, that this summer he is returning to Lake Winnipegosis with a team of skin divers to investigate.

Dr. McLeod has some convincing precedents for his search. Last year an asdic sounding device of the kind used to locate submarines located the Loch Ness monster, and an amateur zoologist named Tim Dinsdale succeeded in taking movies of it. Most zoologists

now believe the Loch Ness monster is an elasmobranch, a prehistoric sea reptile that most zoologists thought had disappeared about 55,000,000 years ago.

Three sea monsters have been reported in British Columbia — one in Lake Victoria, one around Vancouver Island, and "Ogopogo" in Lake Okanagan—but Dr. McLeod appears to be the only Canadian scientist who takes such reports seriously. "Boards of trade love these things," Charles J. Guiget, the British Columbia provincial biologist says, "but universities do not go on expeditions looking for monsters."

Actually, Dr. McLeod's expedition will be looking for bones of monsters. Several years ago, Oscar Frederickson, a local fisherman, hauled a bone out of Lake Winnipegosis that he was certain had not come from any local fish. The bone was later destroyed by fire, but Frederickson had made a wooden model

of it that Dr. McLeod examined last year.

"It was either made by a person who knew his paleontology," McLeod says, "or it was a model of a bone from a creature believed extinct for millions of years." The original bone, according to Frederickson, was extremely light in weight—an indication that it was not petrified—and it was destroyed by fire, as a petrified bone would not have been.

Dr. McLeod's skin divers will look for similar bones and try to catch a glimpse of the creatures they come from. Descriptions of the Lake Winnipegosis monster resemble descriptions of the Loch Ness elasmobranch. McLeod points out that giant reptiles who once lived in the prehistoric inland sea could have survived. "Of course we're sceptical," he says. "But it is a scientific possibility." —DOROTHY EBER

COMING: The high point of the sneezing season

The hay fever season begins in some parts of Canada for some people in February, when the first flowers appear on some trees, and lasts until October when the leaves fall. But for most of the 200,000 Canadians afflicted with a sensitivity to certain kinds of pollen, the hay fever season begins in mid-August and endures until the middle of September. Here is a summary of what hay fever is, what causes it and what can be done about it:

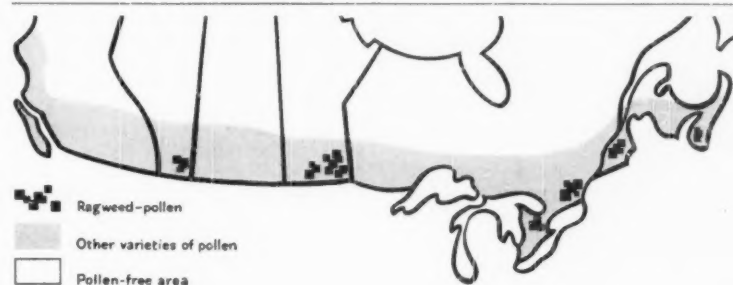
✓ Hay fever is caused by what doctors call "toxic pollens." They affect the membranes of the victim's eyes, nose and throat. No one knows why some people are affected by some types of pollen and others are not. The only sure medical test for allergy is to stand the patient in a hay fever area and see if he sneezes.

✓ The toxic pollens are wind-borne and come from Russian thistles, summer cypresses, wormwood, pigweed and plantain plants; Kentucky blue, timothy and orchard grasses and from flowers of alder, poplar, oak, ash, birch, beech, elm and maple trees. But the grand champion toxic pollen producer is ragweed — of which there are three varieties ranging in size from five inches

to nine feet and against which there is no defense. Fifteen years ago, health authorities tried to make New York City pollen-free by burning all the ragweed between the Hudson River and the Atlantic Ocean. But three years later the pollen was back. It just blew across the Hudson from New Jersey.

✓ Most pollen allergies are inherited and incurable, although children have a better chance of outgrowing sensitivity to pollen than adults who become susceptible in their early twenties. About 50 percent of hay fever sufferers can find relief by taking one of the 12 varieties of antihistamine (there are about 100 varieties on the market) con-

sidered by doctors to be effective. Another 40 percent can be helped by an annual series of from 10 to 12 shots of a pollen serum designed to provide immunization in much the same way as polio and smallpox vaccines. Some doctors recommend cortisone shots but this treatment is often uncertain and expensive — up to \$250 a season. Sixty hospitals and allergy clinics are working on a one-shot immunization program, but the process is still experimental. The remaining 10 percent can't be helped by anything. Their only hope is to outrun the ragweed and take refuge in one of the pollen-free areas indicated on Maclean's map. —SHIRLEY MAIR



COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Why the Senate and the senators have never looked so good

WHEN MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE of Commons talk about an election on the "issue" of Senate reform they are using rather loose language. There is no such issue. Ever since Confederation the only Canadians *not* in favor of Senate reform have been the senators themselves.

What the indignant MPs don't seem to realize, though, is that their case against the Senate is not the same as most people's. In fact, it's the opposite. They are angry because the Senate dared to amend a government bill. The rest of us are contemptuous of the Senate not because it thus asserted its power and independence, but because it doesn't do so often enough.

To say the Upper House exceeded its authority, abused its powers, frustrated the people's will is pure poppycock. The Senate's whole purpose and function are to protect us against a menace with which the parliamentary system is ill equipped to deal — the tyranny of an elected majority.

A government once elected has virtually unlimited power in the House of Commons. Theoretically the members of parliament sit in judgment on the government's actions, and give or withhold their approval according to their judgment and conscience. In practice, their dominant qualities are not judgment and conscience but obedience and docility. Governments decide what to do, MPs vote as they are told. The only members of the whole parliament who are not directly subject

to party discipline are the members of the Upper House.

In the present case the Senate is insisting on the taxpayer's right of appeal from the one-man decision of the revenue minister on a tariff question. What's wrong with that? Suppose that instead of a tariff law this were an income tax law, that it gave the minister unlimited discretion to say who should be taxed and how much. Would anyone think the Senate exceeded its power if it blocked such a bill, and forced the government to change its law or appeal to the people?

That the bill itself should become an election issue is, of course, entirely proper. (It doesn't look to us like a very *good* issue from the government's point of view, but that's the government's business.) Any Senate veto creates a parliamentary deadlock, and any government, if it thinks the matter important enough, has valid ground for appeal to the electors. Once the people have spoken, the Senate must give way — as it did, for one example, on the first old age pension bill thirty-five years ago.

If the government should also decide on some obvious reform, like introducing a retirement age for senators instead of the present life term, few Canadians would object — but it seems a rather inappropriate time for this overdue act of common sense. The Senate is not a heroic body, and it often deserves the sneers that it gets, but it never looked better than it does right now.

MAILBAG: Is Canada ready for a Russian ballerina? / Will history vindicate Mr. Coyne?

It is interesting to compare the emigration histories of the two Russian ballet stars Galina Samstova (The Canadian Ordeal of a Russian Ballet Star, Entertainment, July 15) who came to Canada and, after being jobless for months, now earns a grand maximum (while on tour only) of

signature soon after the rates of pay for the 1961-62 season were settled. Further, Galina is not the first soloist to be engaged by us from outside Canada. She is at present happily working together with other National Ballet dancers at our Summer School and does not appear to be despondent at the prospect of earning a basic salary of \$62.50 per week. — CELIA FRANCA, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, THE NATIONAL BALLET GUILD OF CANADA, TORONTO.

In defense of Mr. Coyne

The article on Mr. Coyne (James Coyne and the Great Debate: Is Canada Possible?, July 1) was, I feel, extremely slanted against him. The time will come when the people of Canada will understand and acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Coyne. — W. RALPH VIBOND, WHITTHORSE, YUKON.

✓ Judging from his past record, Mr. Coyne has served his country intelligently and extremely well. — L. CARTER, YELLOWKNIFE, N.W.T.

✓ As a conservative I can only say I'm disgusted with Mr. Fleming's behavior. — C. S. CARTER, YELLOWKNIFE, N.W.T.

Who's illiterate?

I take violent issue with Barbara Moon (Two Million Illiterates, May 6) for singling out "localized spots" which she apparently considers pockets of exceptional illiteracy. Where has she obtained this so-called information about places of which she is so obviously ignorant? If the 1951 census, now ten years old, has indicated to her that such places as Gimli, Manitoba, are in a lower category than other districts, then the census is not to be trusted. I cannot believe that Miss Moon has really studied the figures carefully. Perhaps she scanned a map and decided that

a name like Gimli must represent a far northern outpost inhabited only by Eskimos and Indians. — MRS. ETHEL HOWARD, GIMLI, MAN.

✓ Barbara Moon was misinformed. In Newfoundland, illiterates can attend centres of learning, operated by the Department of Education, to improve their academic standing, and have been doing so since 1944. — W. MOORE, PRINCIPAL, ADULT EDUCATION CENTRE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Richler scalped

I protest that sneering article by Mordecai Richler (Entertainment, Richler and some others honor a Canadian poet, May 20). I know many people who are disgusted with it—and with Mr. Richler in general. His slams at Miss Beattie's splendid bit of poetry on the occasion of the Pauline Johnson Centenary dinner in Brantford were rude and unwarranted. — MRS. R. C. BROWN, HAMILTON.

Who dude it?

Who's the wise guy who wrote Watch For Dude Farms? (Preview, July 15). We are not Dude Farms. We are honest to goodness farmers with a few extra rooms in our oversized farm homes that we are willing to share with paying guests. — MRS. JAMES BEIRNES, FARM VACATION ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, PRESTON, ONT.

Grounds for being "humane"

Rather than disqualify adultery as grounds for divorce (For the Sake of Argument, July 1), I would suggest that more grounds for divorce be legalized in Canada: grounds such as habitual drunkenness, incest, habitual criminal actions, dope addiction, insanity, desertion, chronic and willful unemployment

and failure to support family and, of course, wife beating, or, indeed, husband beating. Let us be humane. — PHYLLIS MASS, MONTREAL.

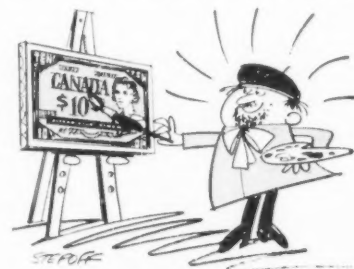
The anatomy of successful quotes

Sidney Katz (The Anatomy of Success, July 15) credits me with describing success as "a bitch goddess" and as having said "nothing fails like success." I have certainly used these phrases often enough, but unfortunately I cannot claim the credit for having coined them. To the best of my knowledge



\$508 per month, and Rudolf Nureev, who came to France and after just four days got a job which earns him \$6,000 per month. I would suggest that Miss Samstova go to France and leave Canada to her own cherished cultural pursuits: hockey, football and baseball. — A. DE VOOGD, PORT MCNEILL, B.C.

✓ Wendy Michener implies that Galina Samstova was engaged by the National Ballet as a result of her successful debut in Mr. Boris Volkoff's recital on May 25, 1961. In fact, Galina joined the National Ballet classes in December, 1960, and afterward we discussed the possibility of her joining the National Ballet for the 1961-62 season (our budget does not permit the hiring of extra personnel in mid-season). Meanwhile, Galina was invited to participate in our classes. An agreement was delivered to Miss Samstova for her

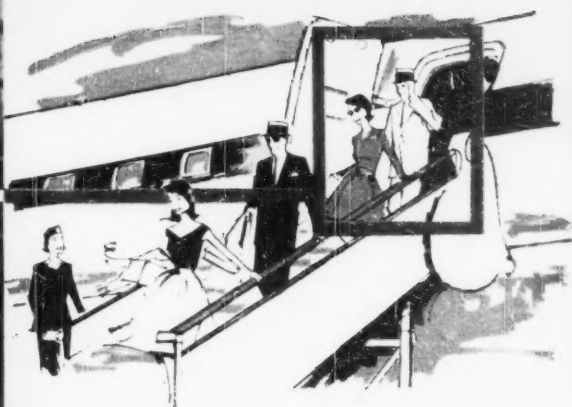


their original authors were, respectively, Henry James and Scott Fitzgerald. When Fitzgerald said that "nothing fails like success" he was talking of writers and artists. He could hardly have believed the phrase was applicable to the New York Yankees. — HUGH MACLENNAN, MONTREAL.

Dominion Day the American way

I think the readers of "Canada's National Magazine" have a right to expect something more appropriate and imaginative on Canada's national holiday than a "color (spelled the American way) album" of the American president and his wife (Presidential Party, July 1). — RUTH MCKENZIE, OTTAWA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6



This September
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As late summer begins to mellow into the glory of early fall, the crowds go home and Europe starts to enjoy its own special season of gaiety. There's dancing in the streets . . . festivals, fiestas and fun! That's the time to see the *real* Europe come joyously alive.

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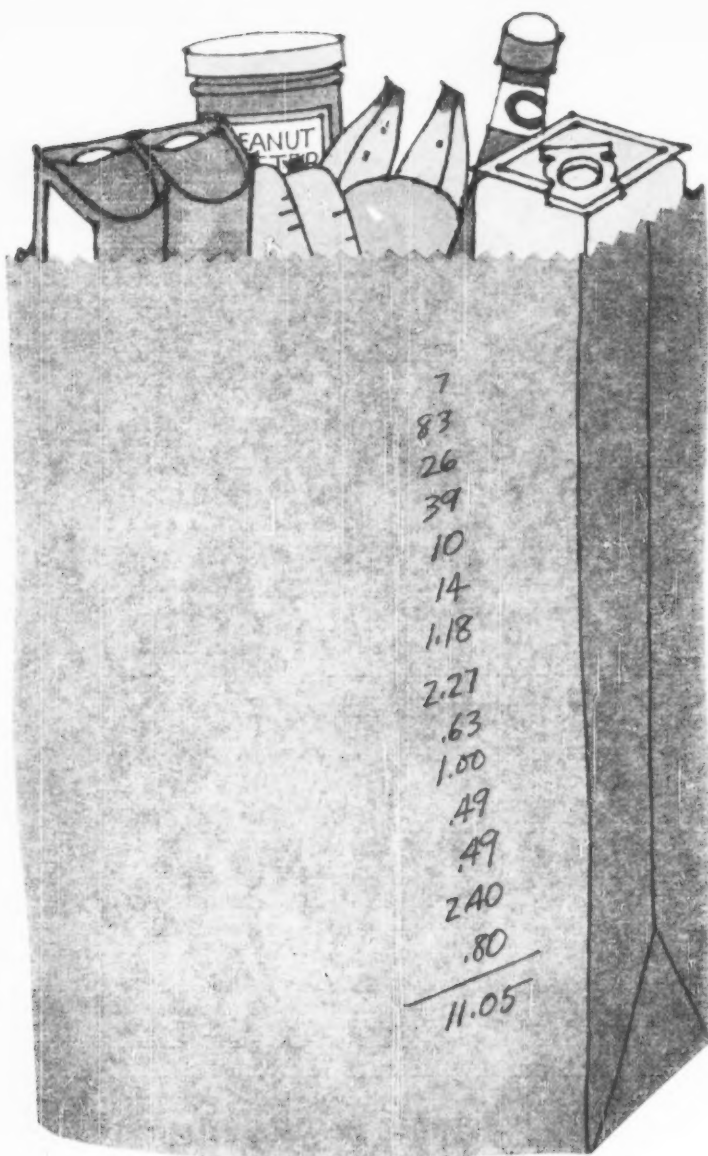
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How much health did you buy today?

Family likes and dislikes often dictate food purchases. If good nutrition were the deciding factor, our meals would surely pay off in better physical and mental health—less fatigue, more energy and increased resistance to certain illnesses.

To provide good meals for good health, serve a wide variety of foods—meat, milk, vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals. However, three things need watching.

1. At every meal serve a food rich in protein. Children need it for growth; adults for the body's upkeep. Best sources are meat, fish, poultry, eggs, milk, cheese and ice cream.

Some pointers on protein: Less costly cuts of meat are as nourishing as higher priced cuts. Beans, peas, lentils and certain cereals are also rich in protein.

Everyone needs milk for both protein and calcium. Three to four glasses daily for children and teenagers. Two glasses or

its equivalent in other foods for adults. Dry skim milk is excellent for soups, custards and milk drinks.

2. Serve a green or yellow vegetable every day. They supply some of the most essential vitamins and minerals.

3. Serve a vitamin C food every day. Your supply must be replenished daily. Citrus fruits—fresh, frozen or canned—and tomato juice, or fresh or canned tomatoes are good sources.

Most of us could improve our eating habits—especially teenagers. Many teenage health problems—poor teeth, blemished complexions, fatigue and overweight—might be avoided with more basic foods and less sweet and fatty foods.

Advice on planning varied, well-balanced meals is given in the Metropolitan Life booklet, *Food for the Family*.

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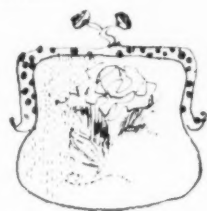
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MAILBAG continued from page 2

Was Ralph Allen too pessimistic about Africa? A conductor's kind words for Community Concerts

Ralph Allen's conclusions from his African visit seemed to me to be unduly pessimistic and his general attitude somewhat presumptuous. (Ralph Allen in Africa, June 17.) Surely there are other answers to the problems of Africa than those that have been tried. Industrial development is not the only way to "open up" a country and indeed in primitive societies causes more harm than good. There are other kinds of white men besides those Ralph Allen met. Maybe there will be chaos for a time, certainly there will be bloodshed—no revolution was ever made without pain—but if, in the end, they evolve a new society, fit for their needs, that is what is important.—PATRICIA RODRIGUEZ, MONTREAL.

✓ Ralph Allen's four reports from Africa perhaps set a new high for Canadian foreign correspondence. He does not say he knows the answers, the solutions or the future. He does not imply that he knows but that his lips are sealed by the high level confidential company he has been keeping. He does, however, bring to us the mood and the atmosphere, not clogged with names, politics and statistics but decently illuminated with believable experiences, sights and sounds. All of this is written not in purple or fancy writing but in plain English, with a decent humility and a lively sense of humor. As one who has made less of equal opportunities I not only bow to him but thank him for a new distinction he has put on Canadian journalism.—I. NORMAN SMITH, OTTAWA.

Mr. Smith is vice-president of the Ottawa Journal, and a much-traveled reporter whose "equal opportunities" have produced lively dispatches from India, Pakistan, the Middle East, the Soviet Union and many other parts of the globe.

Let there be Community music

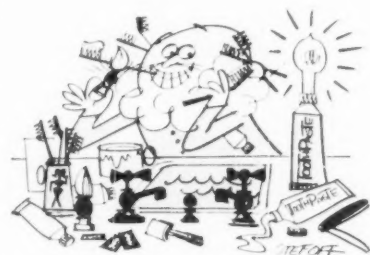
I notice that one of the orchestral musicians (What the Music Monopoly Does To—and Sometimes For—Young Canadians, July 1) is quoted as having said that I was forced to play certain music on tour that I did not wish to. In the many hundreds of concerts I have given for Community all over this continent, the program has never been dictated to me in any way, and I have always been left a perfectly free hand to play what I wish. Granted that the Community system has many faults of which it can rightly be accused, I think that, on the whole, it is about the best system of concert giving that has yet been devised. Coming, as I do, from the chaotic world of Europe and Great Britain, where every concert is a wild gamble and financial security an unknown thing, the guaranteed Community system seems to me the nearest to a solution that we shall ever achieve in making some sense of this wild jungle known as the concert-giving world.—BOYD NEEL, TORONTO.

What the aged really need

I have to protest the conditions brought out in the short article A New Life for the Lonely Aged—In Foster Homes (Preview, June 17). It is a thoughtless and cruel opinion. I'm an old-age pensioner living on sixty-five dollars a month, and while it is not a rich existence I live independently of interference from so-called do-gooders. If the old-age pen-

sioners could receive one hundred dollars a month or even eighty, they could look after themselves very well indeed, unless of course, they were invalids. Why should a foster family require \$110 a month to keep an old person when pensioners are expected to live on much less? The cruel part is for the parents (foster) to dole back eight dollars and then object to the way in which it is spent. Surely if an old person wants to use it for wine drinking, it is nobody's business. For myself it would be spent on books (not necessarily good books), good movies and the occasional bottle of brandy. I would like to see anyone try to take that from me and in its place give me toothpaste. Please do leave us alone. All we want is sufficient to live on decently and with dignity and respect. Yes, even if going on a wine-drinking spree once a month.—MRS. M. E. POWELL, KANDAHAR, SASK.

✓ I was intrigued by the account of the elderly man who used his monthly allowance of eight dollars for a twenty-four-hour wine binge but who, in his present



home, is now happy to have this amount in toothpaste and shaving cream. No doubt his appearance and general aroma will be much improved to say nothing of other information, but how could any one person use eight dollars a month on toothpaste and shaving cream?—FLORENCE B. COCKBURN, TORONTO.

Who's a Communist?

It has become customary in Canada to talk or write of the Communist system as being accepted by the majority of citizens in those countries which are ruled by Communists. Your recent editorials (The UN would do better if the West weren't always "right"; Anti-Communist manifesto: Four ways not to fight the Reds) of March 25 and June 3 are no exceptions. In the latter issue, you state "Communism is the established and accepted system among about a third of the whole human race." This is exactly what Communist propaganda has been trying to impress upon the West for years (and apparently they are at last succeeding); the idea that all the people who are still alive in the countries ruled by Communist dictators are indeed Communists or their supporters. I have lived a year in the Soviet Union as an ordinary citizen, not as a guided tourist. I was able to talk to people in their own languages, not through interpreters as most of our Western observers do. My impression is that most of the ordinary Soviet citizens, particularly in the non-Russian areas, can be considered Communists to the same degree that one would have considered the French, the Dutch and the Norwegians to be Nazis during the time when they lived under Nazi rule.—A. DREIMANIS, LONDON, ONT. ★

The Rev. John G. Ferry is minister of St. John's United Church, Vancouver.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

REV. JOHN G. FERRY SAYS

I don't think the churches should unite

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS last year the Archbishop of Canterbury paid a visit to Pope John in Rome. This unheard-of meeting of dignitaries from the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches immediately set the press speculating what it was all about, and whether or not these two communions would join forces against the threat of world communism.

In Canada there have been talks on the "reunion" of the Anglicans and the United Church of Canada for years, and just recently there came to my desk a combined missive from the moderator of the United Church and the primate of the Anglicans to all ministers and congregations asking them to give prayerful consideration to this most urgent problem.

In May of this year, at a meeting of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, Dr. Eugene Carson Blake suggested a far-reaching plan whereby four of the largest Protestant denominations in the United States—United Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist, and Churches of Christ—would be merged into one with a combined membership of more than eighteen million. This is only one of six such movements under way in the United States. Church Unionism has become a fashionable movement.

This is so because Christians generally feel that the world is critical of a Church that exhorts peace and unity among nations but can't even unite its own forces in a single denomination. This is superficial thinking. In my estimation such an organic merging of all denominations would not be desirable—even if it were possible. So let's stop shooting at an empty trench, and realize that the Christians of the world don't have to belong to One Big Church before they can speak prophetically and authoritatively on the problems of our day.

I have a great respect for the Baptists. Some of their ministers are among my personal friends. But I have a theory that it's not the amount of water used in a baptismal service that's important. What real difference does it make, however, if my Baptist friends disagree?

My wife is a former Anglican who seems thoroughly satisfied with her place in the United Church of Canada. A United Church girl from my home town on the prairies married an Anglican clergyman, and I see no reason why she can't fit into the life of the Anglican Church. But it would be naive to suggest that a merger of the two communions is that simple.

One church believes in a single order of the ministry—that is, all ministers are of equal status, and all offices are filled by election. The other church believes in the episcopal sys-

tem, with a graduated authority of the clergy, something the same as officers in the army.

There are advantages to both systems, apart from the problems of Scriptural and historic justification, and who's to say which system is right? Or even if either system is entirely right? But if the churches were to unite, which system would prevail?

Vitality is generated by a healthy division of opinion. The Protestant Reformation four hundred years ago sparked a counter-reformation within the Church of Rome. Martin Luther's views on the Sacraments put John Calvin on his metal, and John Wesley shook the Church of England out of a state of lethargy that had well nigh proved fatal to both church and nation. In Canada in 1925, the Presbyterian minority that remained outside the United Church of Canada kept that body from growing too comfortable and smug with its pioneering accomplishments in the field of Church Union. The Pentecostals and related sects, with their emphasis on personal experience and healing by faith, awakened the rest of Christendom to an area of faith that they'd long since resigned to the medical profession without thought or justification—the cure of souls.

The uses of disagreement

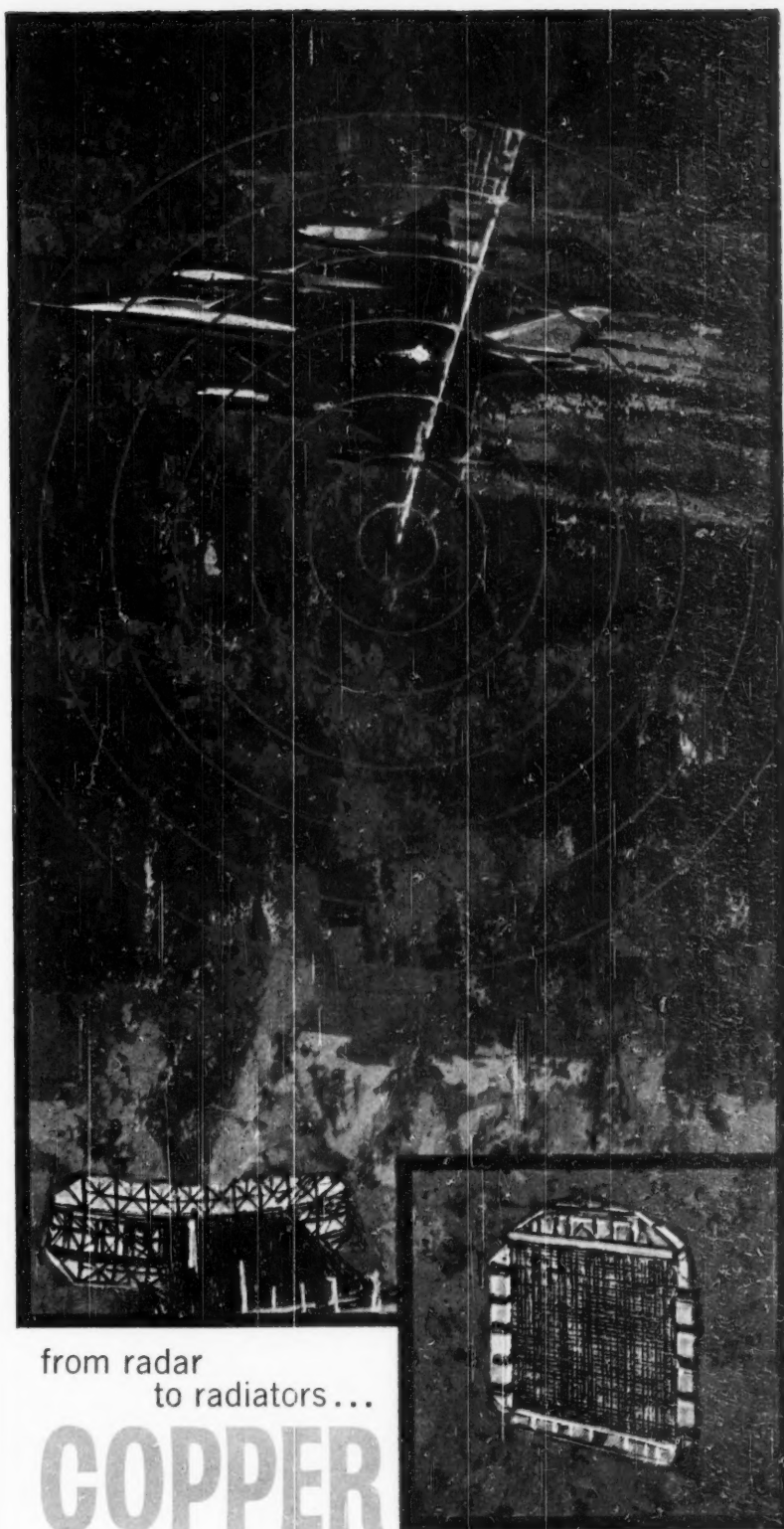
One of the darkest periods in the history of mankind was that which existed just before the Protestant Reformation, when One Big Church held both ecclesiastical and political authority over the civilized world. Freedom was unknown.

It was the dissenting churches that ultimately forced a change in the religious climate of Europe. Men were given the right of conscience in religious matters—a right we still hold dear. It could never have been won under the old order. It can be maintained only as religious people agree to disagree for conscience sake.

I prize the nonconformist tradition. And I for one am highly suspicious of anything that smacks of conformity. At the same time I recognize that the conformists are entitled to their point of view. Their position is probably that nonconformity, carried to its ultimate, would end in chaos and anarchy. Perhaps. But conformity, carried to its ultimate, stifles freedom of the spirit so that empty form devoid of spiritual vitality is often the result.

I'm not one who believes that people should be tolerant of other people to the extent of submerging conscience—just for outer appearances. I believe that much of our current trouble stems from the fact that people

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



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Man's next great scientific breakthrough

BY IAN SCLANDERS

AT THE FIRST NEWS CONFERENCE President John F. Kennedy held after the Russians shot Yuri Gagarin into space, the questions of reporters reflected the disappointments and doubts of a nation that had suffered a string of unaccustomed defeats and had just lost again. Several asked what American science could do to restore its once pre-eminent but now slightly withered prestige.

They waited for Kennedy to say automatically, "Put the first man on the moon." Instead, he said quietly that if U. S. scientists could find a cheap way to get fresh water from salt water this would "really dwarf" any other scientific accomplishment from the standpoint of human welfare.

Partly because his reply was so wholly unexpected, and partly because on a continent with as many lakes and rivers as North America it is not easy to grasp what an economical method of converting salt water into fresh would mean to mankind, the reporters looked as though they couldn't believe what they had heard.

Yet, next to the problem of how to avoid the disaster of nuclear war, the world's largest and most urgent problem is how to overcome the shortage of fresh water that is sentencing hundreds of millions of people to poverty, disease and death. The food shortage that sends a third of the earth's population to bed hungry

at night stems directly from the water shortage. So, to a great extent, does the underdevelopment in scores of underdeveloped countries. But the water shortage is not confined to remote and primitive places.

It is growing serious in the United States, where it is being felt by cities on both coasts, where it threatens to limit industrial expansion and clamp a ceiling on the rise in living standards by 1980, and where farmers in drought belts watch with sad frustration as their parched soil flies off in clouds of dust.

Canada, in spite of its immense water resources, also has drought belts.

Under much of the driest land on both sides of the Canada-U. S. border there are almost inexhaustible reservoirs of water too salty for irrigation ditches. It is one of nature's prize ironies that most of our planet's arid areas sit on top of such reservoirs or sprawl on the rim of the sea. But in this irony, bitter in the past, lies the hope of the future.

For fresh water is already being extracted from salt water at a rate of more than twenty million gallons a day and at a cost low enough to be within practicable range for consumption by man, his livestock, and branches of manufacturing in which water requirements are modest.

Even if the cost were to stay where it is, some experts say there would be a market for

A cheap method of making salt water fresh could do more for humanity than all the feats of spacemen. Maclean's Washington editor tells what can be done — and is being done — to make the world's deserts bloom

a hundred billion gallons of converted water a day within fifteen years. The cost won't stay where it is.

What President Kennedy had in mind at his news conference, and what government, university and private researchers are aiming at, is a big breakthrough: the development of a process inexpensive enough to bring demineralized water within reach for agricultural irrigation and for industries like steel mills, which use 65,000 gallons to produce a single ton of steel, and pulp and paper mills, which use 240,000 gallons to produce a ton of newsprint.

In addition to what it will do for dry regions, the breakthrough will hold the promise of benefits for regions where the supply of water, though plentiful, is badly polluted by chemicals, including toxic chemicals.

POLLUTION RUNNING FROM OUR TAPS

The conventional water-treatment plants now in operation in North American municipalities will settle or filter from water only solid particles that are in suspension. They can't cope with substances that are dissolved. Because of this, the water that runs from the taps in most U. S. and Canadian cities contains—in amounts gradually climbing to a critical level—detergents, insecticides, herbicides and other common household preparations, plus a wide and noxious assortment. CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



McKenzie Porter on CLIFFDWELLING

The only way a gentleman can still live like one

Today one Canadian family in every six, including the Porters, chooses to live in an apartment. Are these people second-class citizens, as most householders still believe? Or are they, as Porter claims, the only truly civilized people in town?

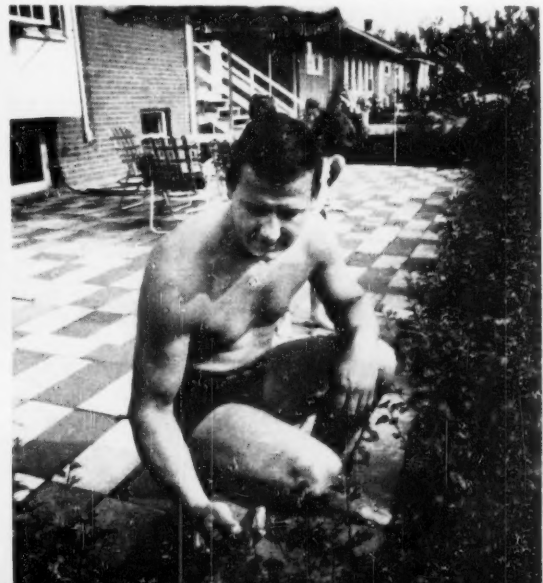
MOST PEOPLE in my income bracket seem to own an equity in a three- or four-bedroom house that stands on a dinky lot an hour's drive out of town and sports a rustic sign inscribed "The Woodheads." When I see them shoveling snow, fixing storm windows, building rumpus rooms, repairing furnaces and generally aggravating the unemployment problem, I feel that there is something sadly old-fashioned about them, something that stamps them unmistakably as people who are still living in the Fifties. Some of them are so out of step with the march of time that they look down upon me because I rent a modern apartment. They peer suspiciously into my glasses seeking signs of a ruinous vice that depletes me of the means to buy a house like theirs. It never seems to occur to them that I am leading a contemporary life while they are as dated as dog breeders.

The time-worn suburban concept of urban bliss is the expression of middle-class snobbery. In their single-family dwellings, the middle classes try to combine the felicities of the usurer's city mansion and the lordling's country seat, taking upon themselves the back-breaking chores that the rich normally assign to liveried lackeys. Disillusion is the natural consequence of this imitation. The typical suburban house is nothing more than the shattered dream of a parkland palace or a battlemented pile.

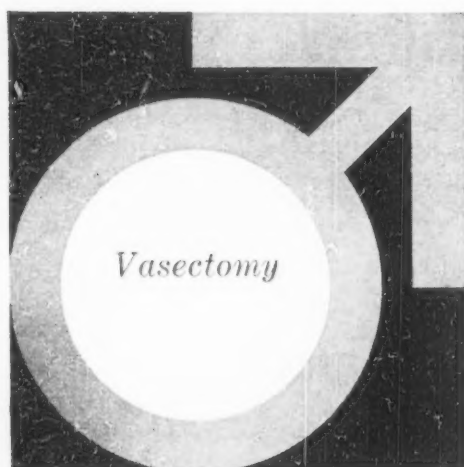
Happily, however, the more perceptive members of the middle classes are beginning to recognize suburbia as a symptom of congenital feudalism. Seeking a healthier outlook on housing, they are finding comfort, quiet, privacy, dignity and self-respect in the shimmering new apartment blocks that are rising as high as twenty stories in the midtown and downtown areas of many Canadian cities. They are the people who know that the population of Canada will double in the next twenty years and concentrate in metropolitan districts. So they prefer the new

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

On his fifteenth floor apartment balcony in midtown Toronto, Porter enjoys privacy, a forty miles view and effortless gardening. He says suburban dwellers like the Montrealer pictured below are suffering from over-exposure, physical exhaustion and congenital feudalism



THE SAFE, CERTAIN BIRTH-CONTROL METHOD THAT DOCTORS WON'T TALK ABOUT



BY ARNOLD BRUNER

THOUSANDS OF MARRIED couples in Canada could be rid of an ever-present cause of anxiety and worry if the Canadian medical profession would let them in on one of its best-kept secrets: a method of birth control that is simple, safe and everlasting for people who decide, for one reason or another, that they already have enough children.

The method is a minor operation for men, called vasectomy. It can be performed in a doctor's office in fifteen or twenty minutes, using the same type of "freezing" anaesthetic a dentist employs for pulling a tooth, but with rather less pain. Vasectomy cuts off the flow of sperm—the male fertilizing agent—but has no other physical effect on the man's sexual system.

This year an estimated 200 men will have the operation done in Canada, with the help of the Parents' Information Bureau, a private organization in Kitchener, Ont., devoted to giving advice about birth control. The bureau has arranged 1,335 vasectomies in Canada during the past several years. An unknown number of Canadians (but probably more than get it done in this country) will go to the United States for sterilization. A few may even get their own doctors to operate, or at least to refer them to another doctor willing to do so.

THE CASE OF DR. ZED

But it is extremely unlikely that an average Canadian who decides that vasectomy is the answer to his family's birth-control problems could find a doctor in his community willing to perform the operation. There are strong medical, legal and religious differences of opinion about vasectomy. Canadian doctors have been led by the Canadian Medical Association and the Canadian Medical Protective Association, which gives legal advice to doctors, to believe that sterilization, except as a medical necessity, is illegal. The doctors have been warned that they may be sued, or prosecuted for criminal assault, if they perform such an operation for other reasons.

But sterilization is nowhere mentioned in the Criminal Code. No Canadian doctor has ever been prosecuted for performing such an operation, and some legal experts say a vasectomy with the patient's consent can be just as legal and far more justifiable than a nose-lift by a

plastic surgeon. Nevertheless, here is what happened to a Toronto doctor who, because he prefers to be anonymous at the present time, will be described here as Dr. Zed.

Dr. Zed is a handsome, athletic father of three children. He became interested in vasectomy when the birth of his second child resulted in a serious operation on his wife. She asked at that time to be sterilized herself, but was refused. When the third child was born, her previous condition was aggravated, resulting in another more serious operation from which she barely recovered.

After that frightening episode, Dr. Zed approached a doctor friend and asked him to perform a vasectomy. The friend was sympathetic, but told Dr. Zed: "If your wife died after you were sterilized and you married again, your second wife could sue you."

Dr. Zed was stunned by this refusal. One night some time later he slipped out of his home and went to his darkened office. He had reached a decision: if another doctor wouldn't perform the operation on him, he would operate on himself.

He turned on the lights, and sterilized some instruments and towels. He sat in a chair, injected himself with a local anaesthetic, and began the tricky job of surgery. "In theory, it's a simple operation," he told a visitor recently. "I knew my anatomy, knew precisely the number of layers of skin I had to cut through. But I became anxious when the layers of tissue kept sliding back and forth and I didn't know quite where I was. I dropped the sterile towels on the floor. I got through all right, but for a long time I worried about infection from those towels. Luckily, nothing happened."

When Dr. Zed got home that night, pale, tired and feeling the discomfort of the operation, he told his wife simply: "I did myself."

Dr. Zed achieved two things by "doing himself": Freedom from the nagging worry that just one contraceptive failure could mean another serious illness and possibly death for his wife; and the initial experience of performing vasectomy.

Before his self-surgery, Dr. Zed's interest in surgical birth control had put him in touch with the Parents' Information Bureau. At that time A. R. Kaufman, a Kitchener manufacturer who founded the bureau in 1930 to pro-

vide birth-control help for family men he was forced to lay off because of the depression, had asked Dr. Zed to perform vasectomies on cases the bureau would refer to him.

He refused because he lacked experience in the technique of vasectomy. But now, with his hard-won experience, he accepted when asked again. The first person he operated on was another doctor.

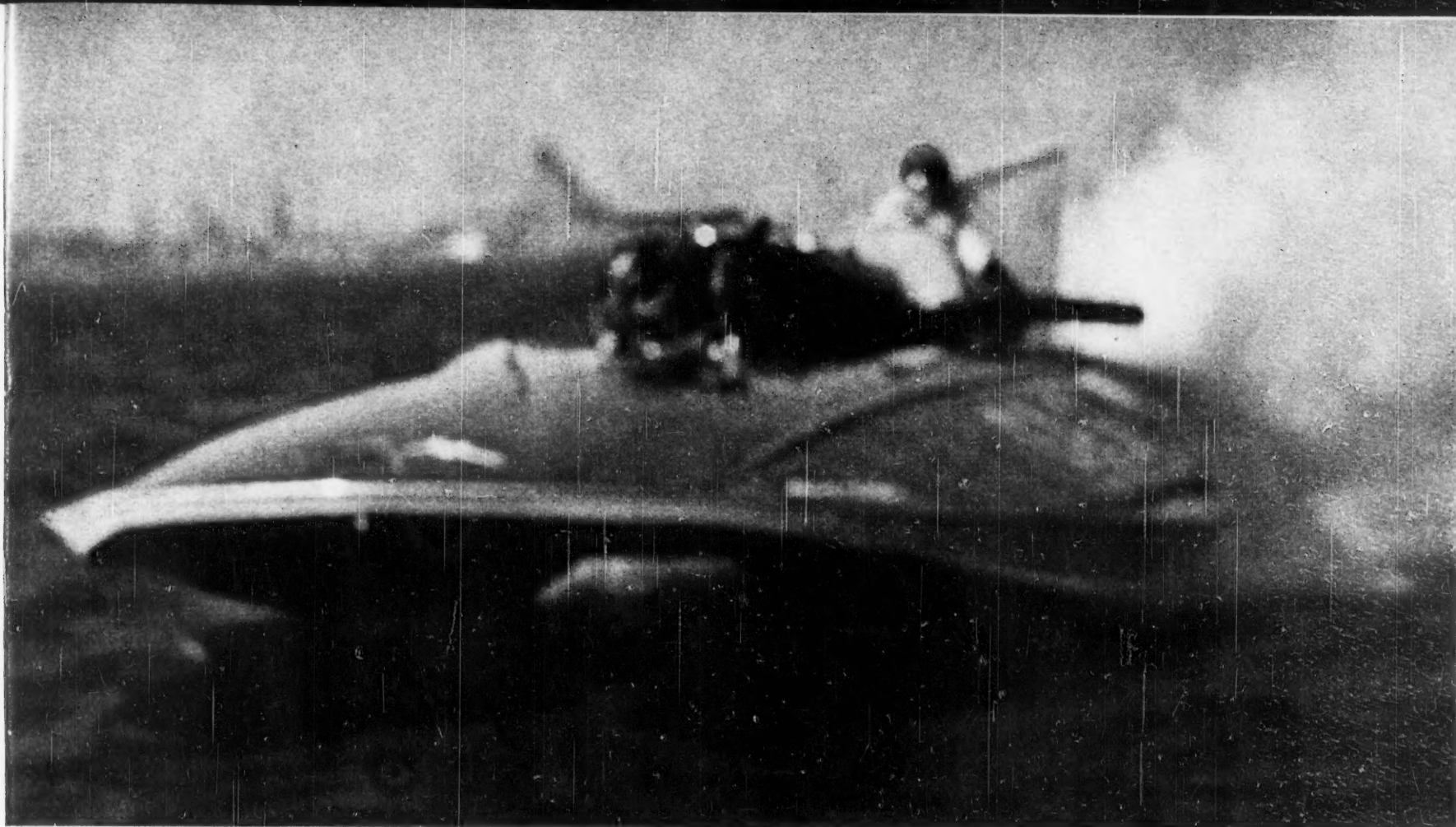
THE RIGHT TO STOP HAVING CHILDREN

Since then Dr. Zed has probably performed more vasectomies than any other Canadian doctor. He handles applicants to the bureau from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime provinces, and performs two vasectomies a week on the average, with a waiting list of a dozen. He spaces these operations because he does not want sterilization surgery to crowd out his fairly active general practice.

Since nearly all his cases are referred by the Kitchener organization, they have usually been thoroughly screened. Still, whenever possible, he tries to get both the man and his wife into his office. He is particularly alert for cases in which one spouse is putting pressure on the other in favor of sterilization. If he senses the possibility of future unhappiness, he tells the couple to go home and think it over. He is particularly cautious with Roman Catholics, who may be acting on an impulse they could regret later. He sets no limit on the number of children a couple should have. He believes it is everyone's right to stop having children when he or she wants to.

Dr. Zed is one of only six doctors in Canada willing to co-operate with the bureau in performing vasectomies. Of the others, three are in Vancouver, one in Edmonton and one in Kitchener. Another 20 doctors will go so far as to refer enquiring patients to the Parents' Information Bureau. Dr. Zed makes no secret of the fact that he performs the operation that medical officialdom in Canada describes as illegal. Some of his colleagues sympathize, others are opposed, even angry—but none has done anything about it yet.

The Kitchener bureau helps with the cost of vasectomies in deserving cases. Dr. Zed, for example, charges \$50 to people who can afford it. If he gets less than \$25 the bureau will send him an "honorarium" CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Two thousand horsepower under me at 160 miles an hour

On August 5 Bob Hayward, Canada's unsung world champion of speedboat racing, defends the Harmsworth Trophy at Picton, Ont. Here Hayward and photographer Don Newlands take you into the cockpit of the hottest racing boat afloat

By Bob Hayward

TO TAKE THE PICTURE on the cover, Don Newlands put his feet into the engine pit about eight feet from the bow and sat on the cherry plywood deck, facing the stern of Miss Supertest III, the boat I pilot. We gave him a life-jacket and a helmet like the ones I wear at the wheel. Then we lashed him into place—I was going to show him speed on the water, and I didn't want to lose him.

Out on the St. Clair River off Sarnia, where we had been making some final tests before shipping Miss Supertest to Picton for the Harmsworth, I took her up to seventy-five—well under half her top speed. Newlands signaled that he was ready. I accelerated to about 100, as fast as I dare go when the water is swelly. (Choppy water doesn't bother an unlimited class hydroplane too much, but swells do; a good long one acts like a ramp and can send your boat flying 200 feet before it touches the water again.)

When we came in, Newlands, who has raced sports cars and owns and drives a Jaguar XKE, said: "That makes any automobile I've ever been in feel like a kiddy car."

It would. Miss Supertest can be cruising at 100 and, given more throttle, pick up to 160 as fast as your car will go from 20 to 60. And speed feels faster on water than it does on land. The windshield top is just below my eye-level and I can feel the wind tugging at my helmet.

That windshield, incidentally, isn't the only protection I have. Our engine is open to the spray. At its front, where Newlands sat, there's an aluminum alloy shield across the carburetor.

In the Detroit Memorial race in June, where I piloted Miss Supertest II, I hit some choppy water at about 130 m.p.h. I could see a black stripe in the wall of water that went up as the nose dipped. I was certain there was something wrong with the hull. I slowed down, and lost the race. Afterward, we found a hole in the bow of Number II big enough to pass a loaf of bread through, and a bash in the aluminum shield about an inch and a half deep.

How fast will Miss Supertest III go? Over 180, and probably faster, though I wouldn't like to do it. These racing boats, which are worth \$40,000 or more each, are designed not only for speed, but to take the turns of the oval courses used in competition. These boats are hydroplanes. The simplest way to describe a hydroplane is to say it rides on the water like an inverted saucer with the ends chipped out. It rests, in fact, on a small cushion of air. At 160, the only parts of Miss Supertest that touch the surface are half the propeller, fourteen inches of rudder and two areas of the forward sponsons (the remaining lips of the saucer) about the size of my hands. If a hydroplane is driven too fast, it will take off. Most racing boats are designed to go 15 to 20 miles an hour faster than they'll ever be driven, and I once saw a hydroplane take off up a swell and do a complete loop-the-loop. With Miss Supertest II in 1957, we set a world speed record for propeller boats of 184.45 m.p.h., and it's been broken twice since then. When I first won the Harmsworth in 1959, with Miss Supertest III, my fastest lap was at 109 over a three-mile course. Retaining it last year over a five-mile course, my fastest lap was a little over

126. This year, at three miles again, my top speed likely won't exceed 150.

That's fast enough when you're steering a three-ton boat. The faster you go on water the harder it is to steer. To save drag, Miss Supertest's 13-inch steel propeller is set half way out of the water. (That may sound like not much power to drive the boat, but our two-thousand-horsepower Rolls Royce Griffon engine spins it 11,000 times a minute.) One result is that the prop tries to "walk" the boat sideways and all I've got to hold against it is that fourteen inches of rudder. I figure driving takes almost exactly as much out of me as running; the forty-five miles of the Harmsworth is as tiring as running hard for twenty-five minutes.

THE BRAINS AND THE BANKROLL

Two of us work full time on the boats, myself and crew chief Victor Leghorn, who has been with the Supertest people since they started racing ten years ago. Vic and I strip and inspect the hull and completely disassemble certain sections of the engine at least half a dozen times a year, and we are constantly modifying them. We know how long every part will last and our motto is "Replace it *before* it goes." The bushing in the wheel case, for instance, we replace after every ninety minutes of running time.

The real designing brains—as well as the bankroll—of the Miss Supertest team are supplied by Jim Thompson, now president of the Supertest Company. Jim, a graduate of Royal Roads naval college and an engineer, helped design Miss Supertest II, and did much of the test driving on her. We set the speed record



From an aircraft above the St. Clair River, Don Newlands' camera caught Hayward skidding into a curve. Says top U.S. driver Wild Bill Cantrell: "Bob is as heady as they come. He'll be tough."

with Miss Supertest II, but she could never quite win the Harmsworth. The Harmsworth is a challenge trophy, originally put up by the British. It had never been held by a Canadian boat until we came along.

I've always thought of Miss Supertest III, Jim's latest design, which has never been beaten in her three races, as "my" boat. The press often refers to me as a chicken farmer, and in fact my brother and I still have four acres of farmland at Embro, Ont., a tiny place near London, and we did raise chickens, but mainly we're in the trucking business now. I used to race outboards when I was fourteen, but as soon as I was old enough to have a driver's licence I switched to cars. I built a "dragster" (a stock car designed for speed) that was once clocked at 132 m.p.h. and I think I still hold the unofficial lap record for the track at Niles-town, Ont., another small place near London.

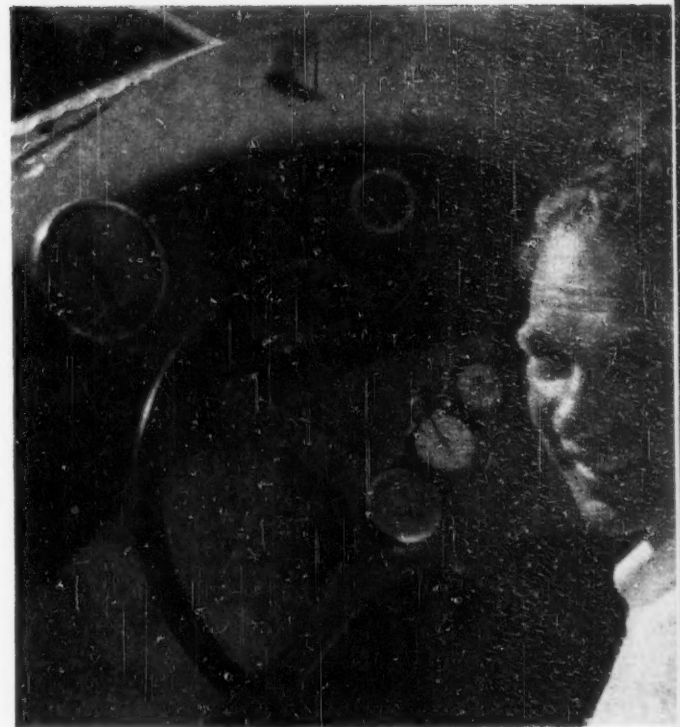
In 1957, when I was twenty-nine (I'm thirty-three now), I was asked to join Mr. Thompson's boat crew to help tune Number II for a race. I was given a chance to do some of the test-driving and from there I soon worked up to pilot. That was the year when Mr. Thompson decided to try to use some of the things he'd learned from the design and performance of Number II in a new boat. In late 1958, Miss Supertest III went on the drawing board.

At three tons, Supertest III is 1,000 pounds lighter than her older sister, but she's still heavier than nearly all the present U. S. racing hydroplanes. The actions involved in driving a racing boat look simple: the only controls I have to move are the steering wheel and the throttle, which is a foot-pedal slightly bigger than a car's. Even the acceleration, however, is not quite that straightforward. With the super-charger, all I'd have to do is keep my foot on the gas too long and we'd pop the sparkplugs like champagne corks. In the minute and forty seconds, roughly, that it takes to go around the three-mile course, I have to negotiate both ends of the oval, which are semi-circles a thousand feet in diameter, and it is the cornering that is the real art of race-driving.

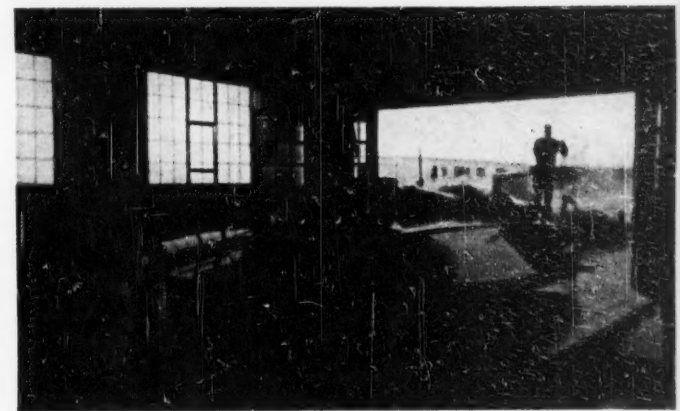
A look at the picture to the left will help you understand a racing driver's technique of cornering. We turn the rudder hard a couple of hundred feet before the curve, at the same time slowing down. I try to hit about 120 where the curve begins. By the time I'm into the turn, the boat is skidding, broadsliding. At the end of the oval, if things are going right, I'm down to about 80. Then I accelerate again, still in a sort of controlled slide. I should be going about 110 as I hit the straightaway.

In last year's Harmsworth, my boat and I beat three challengers, the maximum any one country is allowed. This year there will be only one challenger, though as I write in mid-July I don't know who it will be. I expect either Chuck Thompson in Miss Detroit or Wild Bill Cantrell in Gale V. Thompson is what we call a "hard" driver; he's excellent at timing the moving starts used in speedboat racing and he likes the inside of the course. I'll probably have to go around him if I want to get by. Cantrell, who is 52 and who beat Miss Supertest II and me in the Detroit Memorial, takes his corners faster and wider. Against him, I'll try for the inside.

Whoever I face, the Harmsworth will be the high point of my year. I've been known to say I drive for the money. But there are a lot of thrills in it — more than I can imagine in any other way of life. ★



The speedometer atop Hayward's dash starts at 60, goes to 185. Stopwatches on wheel act as checks.



Hayward (white shirt) says, "I always enjoy the shiny look of her hull gliding out of the water."



After testing, Hayward guides Miss Supertest into her Sarnia berth. The crew experiments constantly.



MIRACLE at Changi Prison

A study in survival

FOR REASONS that aren't yet wholly understood, women are a tougher, hardier breed than men. They can survive more physical hardship and greater psychological stress.

All this I know from personal experience and observation. I was one of a thousand women incarcerated in Changi Jail, Singapore, by the Japanese during World War II.

For 1,294 days we endured starvation, torture, humiliation, monotony, disease and fear. I entered prison on March 8, 1942, in perfect health, weighing 160 pounds. On the day of liberation in September 1945, I was a shrivelled old woman, an 80-pound bundle of skin and bones. My body was covered with boils and carbuncles and my blood was the color and consistency of weak tea. Hardship and indignity had so deeply scarred me that even two years after the war, in Toronto, I would cross the street to avoid meeting a young and blameless Japanese child. But I survived.

I was ill-prepared for the rigors of prison life. After a happy childhood on Manitoulin Island, I studied at McGill University and went on a tour of the world. In China I met Dennis, a doctor in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and married him. When he was posted to Singapore, I followed him. We lived a gay, idyllic life. One evening, when we were sailing straight into the sun, Dennis looked at the orange and red sky and said, "It's too beautiful. We're too happy. It can't last." The date was December 7, 1941. That night, Japanese bombers staged their first raid on Singapore.

"I INTEND TO LIVE"

Now our lives changed abruptly. Dennis spent all his time at the military hospital; I went on duty as a Red Cross ambulance driver with the rank of senior representative. The war went from bad to worse. The night before capitulation, our men smashed thousands of bottles at the Cricket Club and the drains of Singapore ran with the world's finest sherries, wines, gins and whiskies. In the basement, a Scottish sergeant was destroying our pets by giving them injections of morphine. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he gave the needle to a beautiful collie who was licking his face. Like the other women, I was given two poison pills for possible future use. The raping and killing at the fall of Hong Kong still burned fresh in our memory.

I said farewell to Dennis amid the confusion and shock of surrender. I parted with the words, "No matter what, I'm going to live through this war." I never suspected then what strength it would take to make good that vow.

The temperature was 105 on the day we walked the fifteen-mile jungle road to Changi Jail. There were eleven hundred of us — a thousand women and a hundred children — a

Is the will — and the ability — to cling to life stronger in women than men? Could a man have survived the 1,294-day ordeal of the women and children caged by the Japanese in Singapore's Changi prison? A survivor, Ethel Mulvany Rogers, of Toronto, tells her story to Sidney Katz

wide assortment of civilians trapped in Singapore by the capitulation. Most of the women were married — the wives of soldiers, government officials and businessmen. Like the other prisoners, I traveled light. I had the clothes on my back, a patchwork quilt made by my mother, an extra dress, my father's small red Bible and an illustrated child's book, *Dutchy van Deal*. It was given to me by a beloved teacher when I was in Grade Five and bore the inscription, "To the nicest girl in the world." In the terrible years ahead, it was a constant reminder that there was another world and another way of life.

Changi Jail, which we entered fourteen hours later, covered about four city blocks and consisted of a series of cell blocks and courtyards surrounded by a high concrete wall. It was a civilian jail, built to accommodate 450 people. We were jammed into it, three to a cell, so crowded that one of us had to sleep with her feet over the toilet. Adjoining us, separated by a wall, was the civilian men's jail with 2,200 inmates, including the husbands and sweethearts of several of the women. A few miles away, at Changi Point, was another prison holding thousands of Allied soldiers.

From the beginning we were determined to keep our morale high. We selected a management committee. A corner of the carpentry shop was designated as Red Cross Headquarters, with me in charge. But within a few months, an alarming change had come over us.

The most pressing problem was the lack of food. We were being slowly starved to death. Our sole item of diet, prepared daily in the men's jail, was buyaam soup. This is an unappetizing, green, slimy substance made by boiling a spinach-like weed in water. We had it for breakfast, lunch and supper for 1,294 days. We lost weight, we broke out with beriberi. Some of the women, weakened and discouraged, stopped going to the food line-ups and quietly died. Occasionally, there would be a red-letter day; the soup would be enriched by a rat the men had caught.

Food became an obsession. To stay alive, at times I ate wood, spiders, grasshoppers and

the green slimy slugs that loitered near the prison drains. The latter were a rich source of precious protein and tasted like oysters. Once I swallowed a three-page article out of a 1928 issue of the *National Geographic* magazine. We hungrily eyed the birds that flew about and, unsuccessfully, tried to catch them. Occasionally the Japanese gave the children a chocolate. When they were through eating them, we would lick the traces of melted chocolate off their hands. Once someone discovered a small quantity of sugar. We spent two days dividing it up: exactly 158 grains to each woman and child. A close friend lay dying in hospital of tuberculosis, her weight down to fifty-five pounds. When I visited her, she wanted to talk about food. One morning she said, "Tell me all about the different kinds of omelettes you've made." Her eyes lighted up as I talked. A few hours later she was dead. I knew hunger so extreme that it goes beyond the ability to feel the gnawing stomach and head pains. I felt a numbness and grew frightened because I knew this relief is the prelude to death, and I prayed for the familiar hunger pains to return.

THE MEMORY OF FOOD

At one point, I decided to test my theory that if we could activate our salivary glands by suggestion, we would be revitalized. I gathered together a group of women and told them, "We're going to start work on the Changi Jail Cook Book. I want each of you to contribute your most delicious recipes." For a few hours a day, for months, we sat around discussing, describing and arguing about delicious foods. After we had decided on the perfect recipe we would carefully enter it into a large prison ledger book. We ended up with a superb collection of recipes for cakes, pies, roasts, soups and fish dishes. And most important, it stimulated the flow of our salivary glands and stomach juices and made us feel more alive. Later, I was able to publish the book and raise \$18,000 for the former prisoners of Changi.

But we couldn't deceive our bodies indefinitely. We were slowly starving to death. Our parcels from the Red Cross were undelivered. Finally, I resolved to get permission from the camp commandant to buy food in the market at Singapore. We had resources: a quantity of money in the Red Cross strongbox, kept in the dungeon. I was finally granted an interview with the assistant commandant, Okasaki, a man of 38, impeccably dressed. I stood in the small white circle in front of his desk waiting to be acknowledged. He nodded at me.

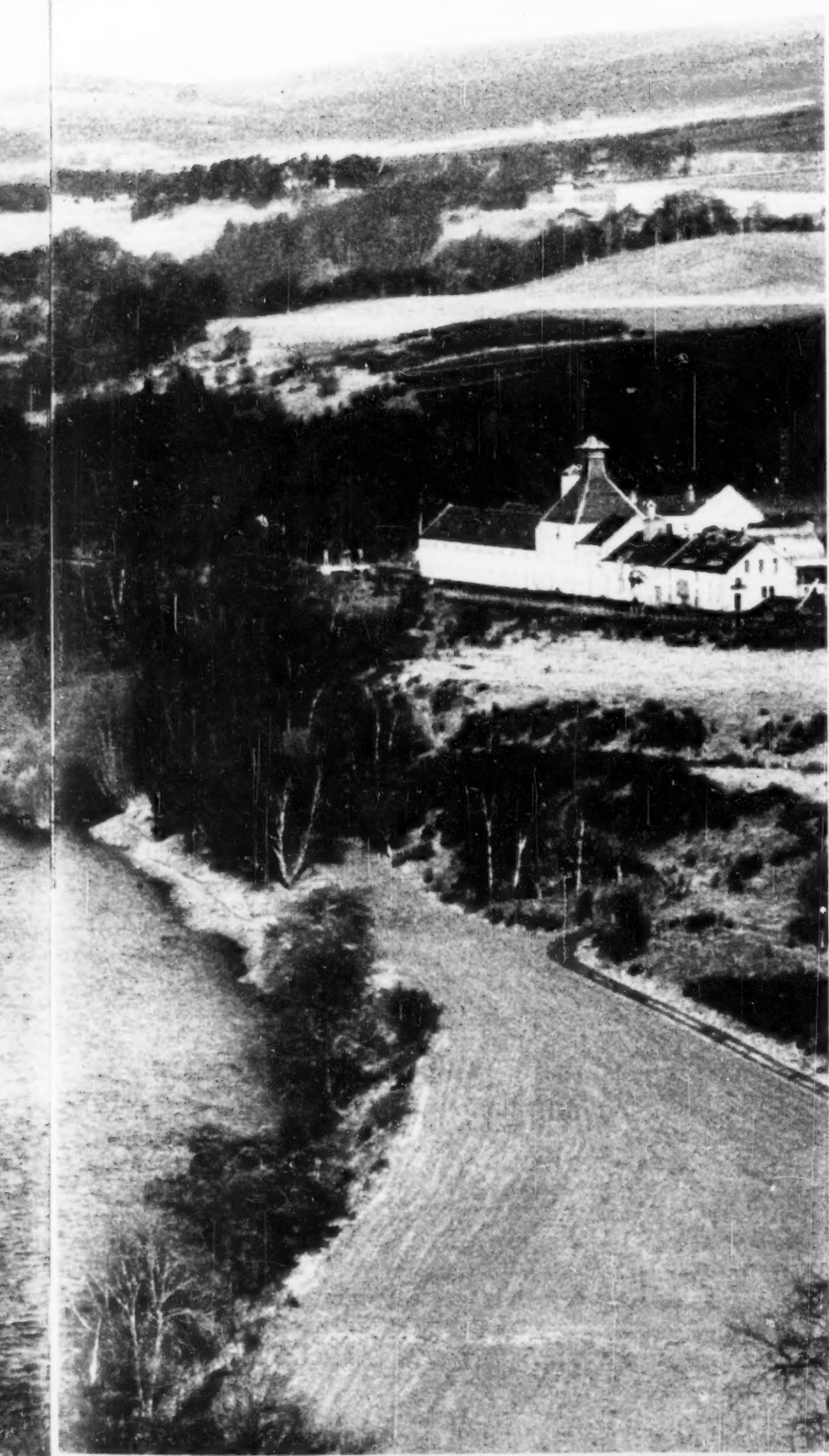
"Sir," I began, "I'm sure you don't want Changi Jail to be only a graveyard when the war is over."

No reply.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



The mountain treshet of the River Spey waters a legendary valley (above) and some 80 malt distilleries, like the one at the extreme right and its neighbor at the bend of the river (centre). The strong, smoky malt is aged in sherry barrels (below, right) that impart the clear amber glow of Scotland's dew.



WHISKY VALLEY

The Scotch Canadians and other Sassenachs drink is a bland tippie that would barely pass as whisky in the fabled valley where Scotsmen brew (but don't necessarily drink) the great, straight whiskies

BY LESLIE F. HANNON *Maclean's Overseas Editor*

SIX AND A HALF MILLION bottles of Scotch whisky will course down Canadian throats this year. Most of it will be savored by men who will pay from \$5.15 to \$10.75 for a bottle, because they're convinced there's nothing quite like real Scotch. They'll insist on their favorite brand, expound on its distinctive bouquet and flavor, be offhandedly expert about how long it aged in the wood, glance quizzically at its color against the light, and consume it—either straight, or with exactly so much water, or just a splash of soda — with the air of an Aztec priest at the climax of some mystic rite.

This cheerful and harmless hokum will doubtless survive the news that not one Canadian in a thousand has ever tasted true Scotch. If our average whisky toper were offered a shot of real Highland spirit, he wouldn't like it. Chances are he couldn't name a single brand. And the same goes for the rest of the world — including much of Scotland.

I spent a couple of weeks in the Highlands late this spring getting my facts for this fearless exposé. At least, I *think* I got the facts. I soon discovered as I drove from distillery to distillery along the lovely valley of the Spey that the facts about Scotch whisky are almost inextricably tangled with legend, with traditional tales, and a bramble of hoary superstition. Moreover, the Scots are notoriously good hosts.

In a granite pub in Charlestown of Aberlour, a one-street community that proudly remembers Bonnie Prince Charlie in its mouthful of a name (the residents, thankfully, call it "the Lour"), I began my researches in the company of a group of ruddy men who not only make the true Scotch but could convince a stone idol of its unique merits.

The true Scotch is malt whisky — the single malts, as they call them. Of the thirty million proof gallons of Scotch consumed around the world last year, less than one percent was drunk as single malt. It is produced from malted (that is, partly germinated) barley, dried over a smoky peat fire, fermented with yeast, then boiled in two copper pot-stills. The method hasn't changed for centuries. The liquor is heavy in body and taste and has a kick like a kangaroo's.

The whisky that Canadians call Scotch is much lighter, milder stuff. There are some three thousand brands and just about all of them are blends of around sixty percent grain spirits, dashes of up to forty different malt whiskies, and enough distilled water to bring the contents down to thirty under proof. The grain spirit is produced by a comparatively modern, humdrum process — the patent, or Coffey, still — which malt distillers scorn. "You put grain in one end and spirit comes out the other." Literally, grain spirit costs a few pence a bottle to make and the larger layouts can produce more than 100,000 gallons a week. An average malt distillery produces only six to seven thousand gallons a week in a nine-month distilling season. Currently, Scotland has 101 distilleries—92 malt and 9 grain.

In the bar at the Lour, I backed up a step and then said, quite clearly, that many Canadians prefer rye to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



THE CANADIAN BILL OF RIGHTS

How we've used it, misused it, and found it unusable
in the year since it became doctrine but not quite law

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Macleans' Ottawa editor

ON DOMINION DAY a year ago, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker delivered a sixty-two minute speech in the House of Commons that eloquently concluded the chief legislative crusade of his political life: the adoption of a Canadian Bill of Rights. He wound up his address with a rhetorical flourish which will no doubt be quoted by after-dinner speakers at political banquets for as long as there are Canadian Tories:

"I am a Canadian, a free Canadian, free to speak without fear, free to worship God in my own way, free to stand for what I think right, free to oppose what I believe wrong, free to choose those who shall govern my country. This heritage of freedom I pledge to uphold for myself and all mankind."

Fifty-six MPs followed the prime minister in the Bill of Rights debate. The Conservative members compared it to the Magna Carta and the Sermon on the Mount. At least one Conservative cabinet minister has sent a copy to every school child in his riding. Twenty thousand prints, on special parchment, have been manufactured by the Queen's Printer, and the calfskin original is expected to become the centrepiece of a "freedom train" exhibition that will cross Canada during the 1967 centennial celebrations.

The Conservatives refer to the Bill in party pamphlets as representing "the essence of the conscience of the people of Canada"; Liberal and CCF politicians call it vague, ambiguous and unnecessary. And even now, after a whole year in which the Bill of Rights has been nominally the law of the land, it's impossible to say definitely which is right.

One of the early test cases of the teetotaling prime minister's Bill was concerned with an admitted alcoholic's liberty to keep on drinking. Harold Griffin, a sixty-year-old resident of Kitchener, Ont., who had a record of more than two hundred arrests, had assaulted Jack Kauk, a waiter at a local hotel, because Kauk refused him further service. The magistrate ruled that this was a violation of the guarantees of "equality before the law" as set out in the Bill of Rights, dismissed

the case, and ordered the waiter to pay court costs. Griffin's triumph didn't last long. He was arrested a few weeks later, and given a thirteen-week jail term for daring waiters to throw him out again, now that he had Mr. Diefenbaker on his side.

Yves Beriault, a twenty-one-year-old Montreal youth, was convicted of assaulting two policemen who had been called in by neighbors to break up a loud party he was throwing at his girl friend's home; he used the Bill to get an appeal. In Toronto, George Martin and his wife Ann, who were charged with obtaining money and accommodation by posing as doctors interested in the rehabilitation of prisoners, managed to get their bail reduced from five thousand to one thousand dollars; the magistrate agreed with their lawyer's contention that the higher amount was "not consistent with the spirit of the new Bill, as it affects the freedom of the citizen." But when a fellow lawyer tried to use the same tactics in another courtroom to lower the five-thousand-dollar bail that had been set for Edward Phelan, accused of a ninety-dollar robbery in a beauty salon, Magistrate C. A. Thoburn told the court: "I know nothing about the Bill of Rights except what I read in the papers." No one in the courtroom had a copy, and the request was turned down.

For the first month or two after its passage, lawyers appeared to throw the Bill of Rights into just about every conceivable legal situation, but almost always without effect. It was unsuccessfully used in the legal fight that preceded the Canadian National Exhibition appearance of a six-year-old saxophonist, following musicians' union objections. Douglas Campbell, a youthful apostle of nuclear disarmament, found it useless in preventing a conviction for impeding traffic, after he'd lectured a downtown Toronto crowd on the horrors of atomic war.

The lawyer for Max Bluestein, a convicted Toronto gambler, tried to invoke the Bill to exclude police evidence obtained in Bluestein's Lakeview Athletic Club. Police had broken into the place, and then posed as bookmakers for customers who

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"I am a Canadian, a free Canadian, free to speak without fear, free to worship God in my own way, free to stand for what I think right, free to oppose what I believe wrong, free to choose those who shall govern my country. This heritage of freedom I pledge to uphold for myself and all mankind."

*The Right Honourable John G. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada,
House of Commons Debates, July 1, 1960.*

The hand-lettered title on this page, and the declamation over the prime minister's signature above, are taken from one of 20,000 illuminated prints of the Bill of Rights recently run off by the Queen's Printer. The calfskin original, Tories say, will ride a "freedom train" in Canada's '67 centennial.



MACKENZIE

THIS LIFETIME IN CANADA
The best of Ralph Allen's
remarkable new book,
ORDEAL BY FIRE

THE PRINCELY BEGGARS



MANN

In the lavish days of railway promotion, no promoters did better than the two Scots-Canadian wheeler-dealers. But no railway did worse, it seemed to a long-suffering public, than their private gravy train, the incredible Canadian Northern

BY RALPH ALLEN

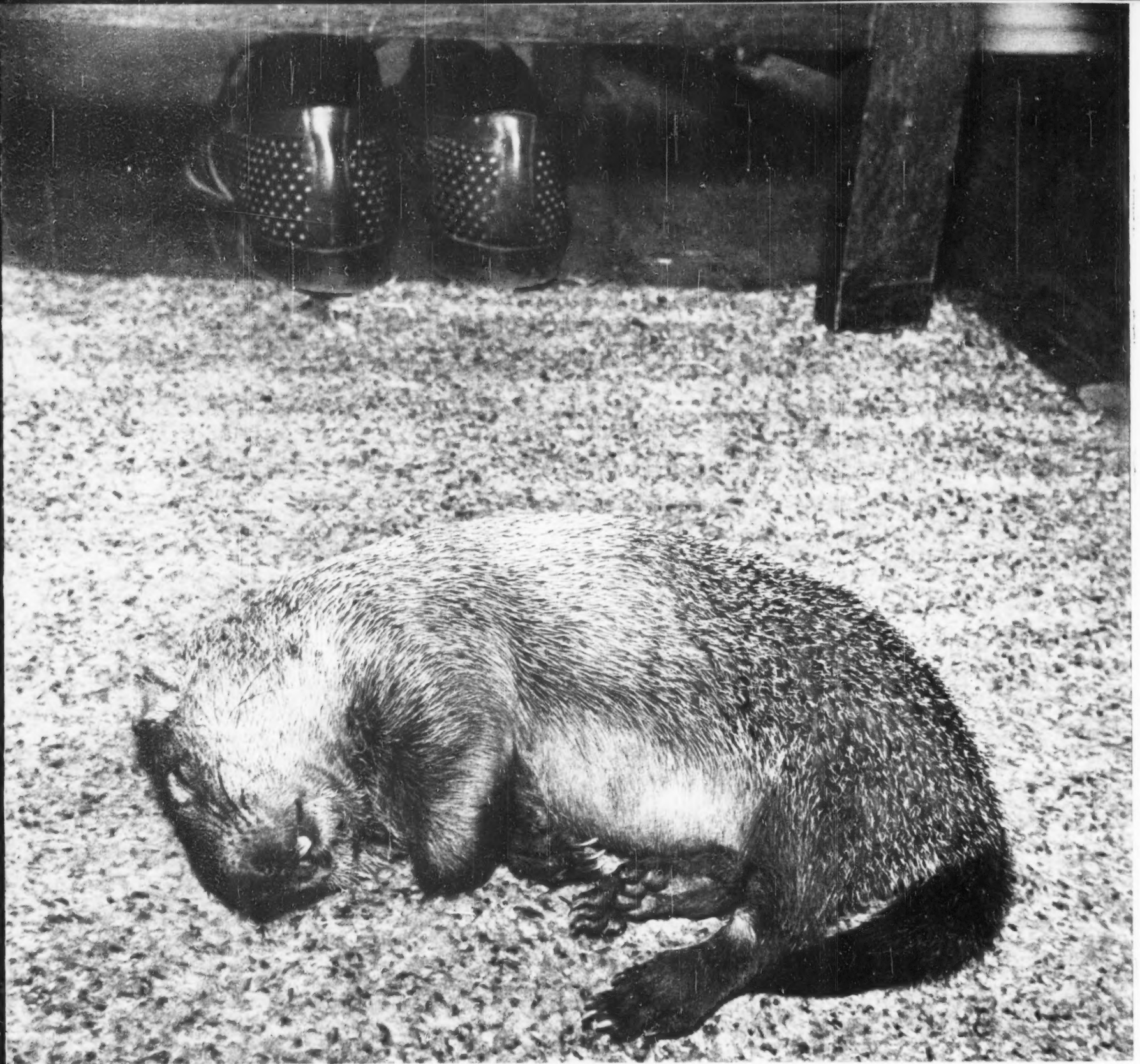
WELL, THE FIRST I knowed the king got a-going, and you could hear him over everybody; and the next he went a-charging up onto the platform, and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was a pirate—been a pirate for thirty years out in the Indian Ocean—and his crew was thinned out considerable last spring in a fight, and he was home now to take out some fresh men, and thanks to goodness he'd been robbed last night and put ashore off of a steamboat without a cent, and he was glad of it; it was the blesseddest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and, poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean, and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else,

being acquainted with all pirate crews in that ocean; and though it would take him a long time to get there without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him, "Don't you thank me, don't you give me no credit; it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race, and that dear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!"

And then he busted into tears, and so did everybody. Then somebody sings out, "Take up a collection for him, take up a collection!" Well, a half-a-dozen made a jump to do it, but somebody sings out, "Let him pass the hat around!" Then everybody said it, the preacher too.

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat, swabbing his eyes, and blessing the people and praising

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



This woodchuck, or groundhog, was found by Hugh Halliday of Toronto and brought up as a pet. It was an enthusiastic convert.

The animals who've gone to town

When man put his garbage in cans, the raccoons soon found a way into them; when he planted trees along his boulevards, the starling hordes took over; when he built steel and concrete towers, the falcons used them as aeries. Here's ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN'S report on the way animals live in the city

THE LIFE OF ANIMALS living in the city is in many ways less complex than man's. A city skunk may go through life without any mental image more complicated than that of a fresh pigeon's egg. Animals handle their population problem more efficiently and make quieter neighbors. People usually don't know they're there. Within ten feet of a stenographer's illusion heels, a little brown DeKay's snake comes out secretively in late afternoon to hunt slugs and earthworms between billboards in a patch of pigweed and burdock no wider than a burlesque runway. A house mouse, whose kind originally came from central Asia, is born, raises her family and grows old at the bottom of a filing cabinet so close to an advertising idea-man's elbow that he could hit it with an ashtray if he knew it was there. Three house sparrows flutter unnoticed around the feet of a preoccupied crowd, maintaining their high rate of metabolism by picking tiny elm seeds from the sidewalk beside an insurance company's lawn. A barred owl perches on a department store, undetected by the shoppers, scanning the city hall for fat pigeons. In a downtown basement, ten feet below a young man in a continental jacket dining by candlelight with a bouffante blonde, a Norway rat, in the tradition of her race, which has outwitted man since before Agamemnon sacked Troy, glides around her familiar bolts and lead pipes, foraging for food for her ten naked children.

Some animals have lived with man ever since he began building houses. The Norway rat, which is among the smartest, toughest animals on earth and such an intense thinker that he bites his nails when frustrated, is an old city boy who rarely lives anywhere else, especially in northern latitudes, although rats have been seen living in a wild state on an island in Lake Superior. The house sparrow, or English sparrow (which isn't a sparrow at all, but an Old World weaver finch imported here in 1851), is a thoroughgoing city hooligan. So is the starling, a European bird that has multiplied in North America since a hundred and twenty were released in New York in 1890, until now it numbers around a hundred million. The starling even has a walk that looks as if he's pushing people off the sidewalk. Both the starling and the sparrow can outjab, outrush and outbluff most birds their weight, and they're rough on pets that get loose. A while ago a budgie was seen down near Toronto's grain elevators completely ringed by sparrows and starlings, all the fancy words it knew doing it no good.

Squirrels are among the most belligerent animals. The grey squirrel, a species that includes black individuals, will chase a cat, and it sometimes chases and even frightens people in city parks. One observer watched a grey squirrel molesting birds in Ottawa, making determined rushes at a group of evening grosbeaks for no apparent reason except to start a rumble. An inspector for the Toronto Humane Society, which often answers calls to get grey squirrels out of attics, air ducts and cupboards, said that the squirrel was the one animal he wasn't too happy about apprehending.

Grey squirrels were among the first North American animals to adopt the ways of such long-time city dwellers as the house mouse and the street pigeon, an originally wild European rock dove that has descended from intervening domesticated generations. Many other animals have become full- CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



Wildest of the creatures that have taken to the city was the falcon that lived on the Sun Life Building in Montreal. The starling, introduced to America in 1890, is a confirmed and noisy (below) city dweller.



Sweet and sour

The praise I keep getting



"Man, you're a natural if I ever saw one! With 2-3 lessons a week throughout the summer you could knock a dozen strokes off your game."

Sandy McEvers, golf professional.

"No two ways about it, you've certainly got a green thumb. Why don't you let our men go over your grounds and lay down a good dressing of our new-formula fertilizer? You'd get even more sensational results."

J. B. Grenham, proprietor, Acme Nursery.



"You're a genius the way you handle this old wreck of a car. I'll bet with a new one you'd be absolutely fantastic."

Bill Drayton, Bill's Motors.

"How do you keep in such shape at your age? Square shoulders, trim waist and hips — you'd be a cinch to fit for a suit that would hang beautifully on you."

Ralph Jensen, Jensen's Men's Shop.



Drawings by Norris

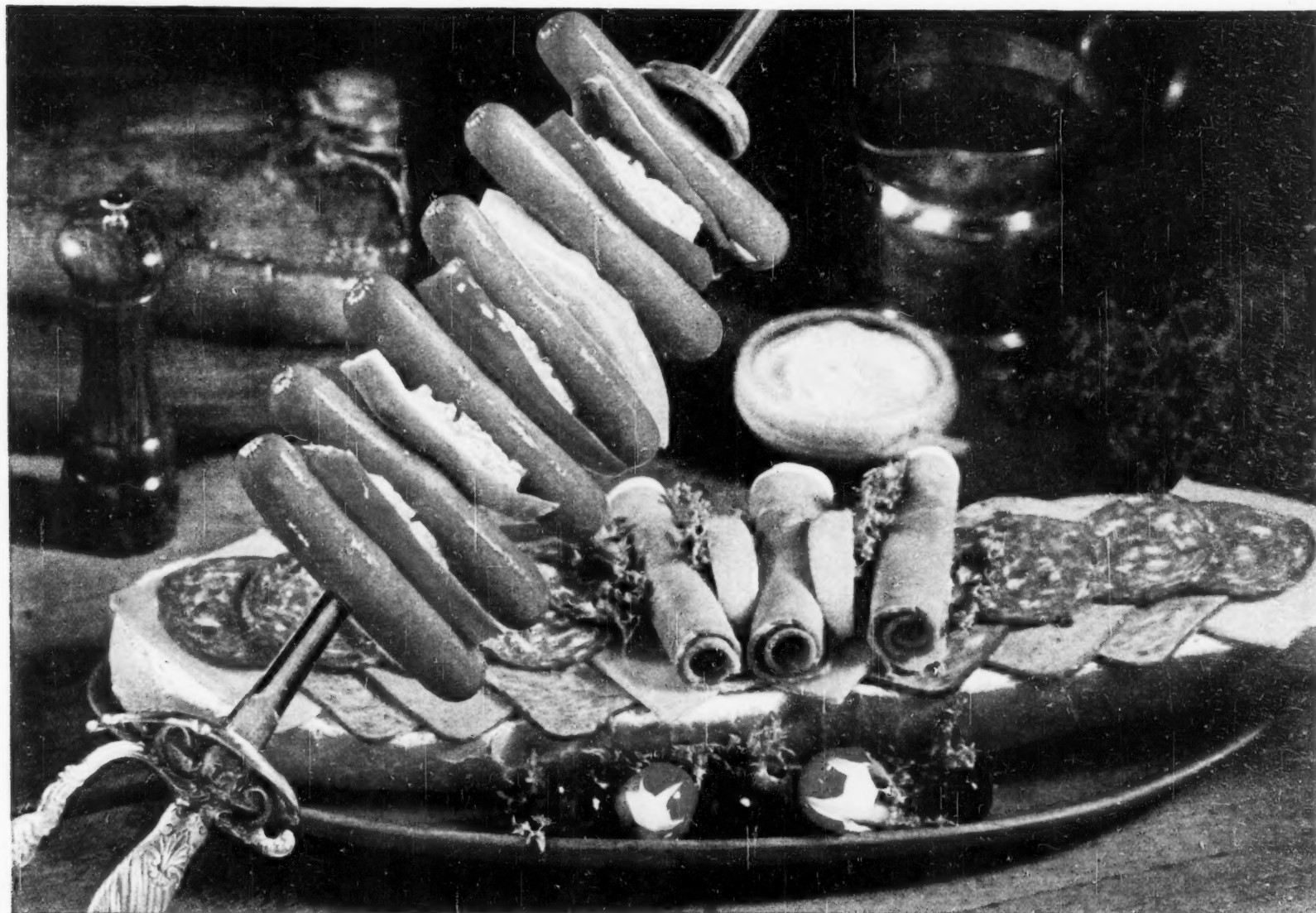
BY PARKE CUMMINGS



Good things to eat come in



packages



Outdoor feast by Maple Leaf! Tender wieners broiled kebab-style on a sword; a variety of sliced, cooked meats on a help-yourself French stick; juicy porterhouse steak, just off the grill.

appeal to the eye

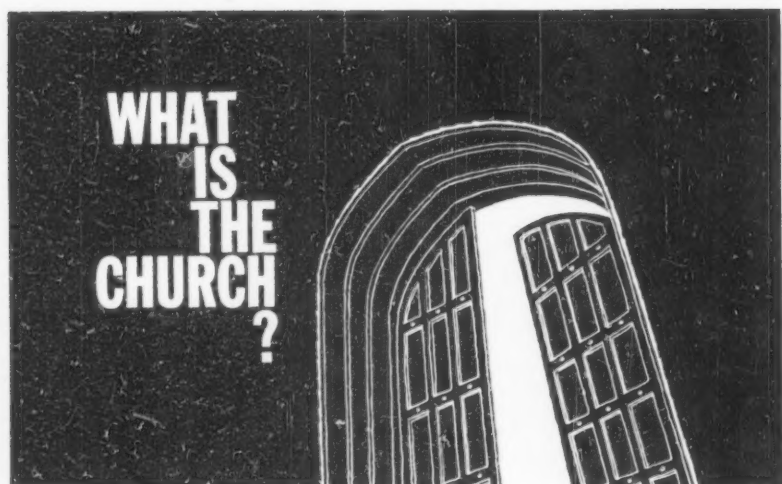
Every good cook wants to show off her skills to best advantage. That's why she takes extra care to serve food nicely, with a lot of thought for colour and arrangement.

We like to show off, too! We're rather proud of the products we make and go to great lengths to package them as attractively as possible. But, as you might suspect, there's more to good packages than meets the eye! They must be easy for your grocer to display; convenient for *you* to open and store; they must keep the contents fresh

and pure. There's something else distinctive about our packages—the 'CP' mark and pledge of finest quality. When you see this mark on "good things to eat" you know the product that bears it is the finest we can make—inside and out.

"Help yourself" sandwiches make a quick, delicious and filling snack for a hungry crowd. Slit a French-stick and cover with sliced, cooked meats, cheese slices and garnish. Supply a sharp knife, a pile of plates and let them help themselves!

CANADA  PACKERS
PLEDGE OF FINEST QUALITY



We use the word "Church" to indicate the building to which people go for worship on Sundays. And sometimes we use it for the worshippers themselves as a group.

Often we use the word when we think of those larger groupings of Christians called "denominations." And frequently we use the word simply as a catch-all term for all Christians and their organizations throughout the world.

The many ways in which we use the word "Church" leads to much confusion — and our confusion is increased when we go deeper into the matter. Each Christian group, each segment of the Church, has its own special understanding of the Church. And often there are serious differences of opinion among Christians about the nature and meaning of the Church.

But, despite all the confusion and differences, there are certain qualities which mark the Church in its various expressions and at its several levels. There is, of course, much more to the nature and meaning of the Church than what these indicate, but they do show something of what Christians have in mind when they speak of the Church.

1. The Church is more than a merely human institution; it has a divine dimension. Its origin was in man's response to God's coming into man's history in Jesus Christ, and it has its continuing reality in man's awareness of God's active presence in the fellowship.

2. The Church is not a group of people who think themselves so good spiritually and morally that they have a right to assemble regularly to preen themselves on their goodness. The Church, rather, is a group of sinners who admit that they are sinners and who are trying to do something about it. As one observer has pointed out, an indispensable qualification for real membership in the Church is the acknowledgement that one is unworthy of membership.

3. The Church accepts the obligation of trying to carry on the works of faith and compassion begun by Jesus Christ. A teen-aged boy once defined the Church in this way: "I'd say that it was the gang that Jesus left behind to finish the job."

4. The Church's centre of activity and source of power is in worship. The Church's distinctive function is the public worship of God. It is regular worship which continually reconstitutes the Church and gives it its dynamic.

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MACKENZIE AND MANN *continued from page 21*

They were able to persuade the nation that what was good for them was good for the country too

them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there; and every little while the prettiest kind of girls, with the tears running down their cheeks, would up and ask him would he let them kiss him for to remember him by; and he always done it; and some of them he hugged and kissed as many as five or six times—and he was invited to stay a week; and everybody wanted him to live in their houses, and said they'd think it was an honor; but he said as this was the last day of the camp-meeting he couldn't do no good, and besides he was in a sweat to get to the Indian Ocean right off and go to work on the pirates.

When we got back to the raft and he come to count up he found he had collected eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. And then he had fetched away a three-gallon jug of whisky, too, that he found under a wagon when he was starting home through the woods. The king said, take it all around, it laid over any day he'd ever put in in the missionarying line.

IN ITS heyday of business adventure Canada never quite produced a pair of promoters to match the king and the duke of Mark Twain. But in William Mackenzie and Donald Mann—each to be knighted in the fullness of time—it did create two of the most engaging dreamers who ever persuaded their country that what was good for them was good for the country too. They were a rare and able pair, both sprung from good Ontario stock, of the best Scots Presbyterian blood and persuasion. They met first in western Canada, following the golden trail of the CPR. By 1914, they loomed as mightily on the stage of current events as Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; compared with their granite Scots-Canadian figures the Kaiser and even the British prime minister were distant and indistinct.

With their Canadian Northern Railway, Mackenzie and Mann had by the outbreak of World War I achieved prodigies of promotion that made such other giants in their field as Van Horne, Lord Shaughnessy, Charlie Hays and James J. Hill appear as rather stodgy and timid. They had begun with a chaotic and insignificant little complex of feeder lines on the sparse and unprofitable prairies. But they had expanded quickly with government help of various kinds.

All governments, municipal, provincial and federal, had recognized since the last half of the nineteenth century that only steel rails could galvanize the great mass of Canada to life and prevent it from sinking into paralysis like a lumpish giant. And in those times the notion of public ownership, public utility and public building was relatively strange and even vaguely terrifying—more so by far than the well-accepted practice of putting public money into private business. Allying their own instincts to the popular philosophy of government, Mackenzie and Mann stretched out eagerly across the country, devouring the largesse of the taxpayers by the sackful.

Mackenzie, the small-town teacher and occasional storekeeper, had become gifted in the ways of high finance. Mann, the

student for the ministry and lumber-camp foreman, had become a highly competent construction boss, perfectly willing and able to beat up the average lumberjack with one hand tied behind his back. They had reached their zenith together at a highly favorable time.

The gigantic CPR, despite its scandals and its skeletons, was working to the manifest advantage of the country as well as that of its proprietors. All but a few socialists—and socialists were then very few—accepted it as a model of how public help to private enterprise could end in public good. On the other hand, other railways, notably the Grand Trunk, were in deep trouble even with the substantial aid they had had from the privy purse. As the confident and plausible Mackenzie and Mann continued to expand their Canadian Northern, Laurier and most other Canadians were staunchly in favor of what was to be—depending on the ultimate fate of the Grand Trunk Pacific—either the country's third or its second transcontinental line.

The king and the duke carried through a bewildering array of schemes for finding

PARADE

Truth is, strangers are fiction

A Walkerton, Ont., mother saw her little daughter off to kindergarten at a comfortable quarter to nine with the thoughtful admonition, "Stay on the sidewalk and don't talk to strangers." Ten minutes later daughter walked back and asked, "Mummy, what do strangers look like?" So Mummy pointed out a few of them to her while rushing her to school by car.

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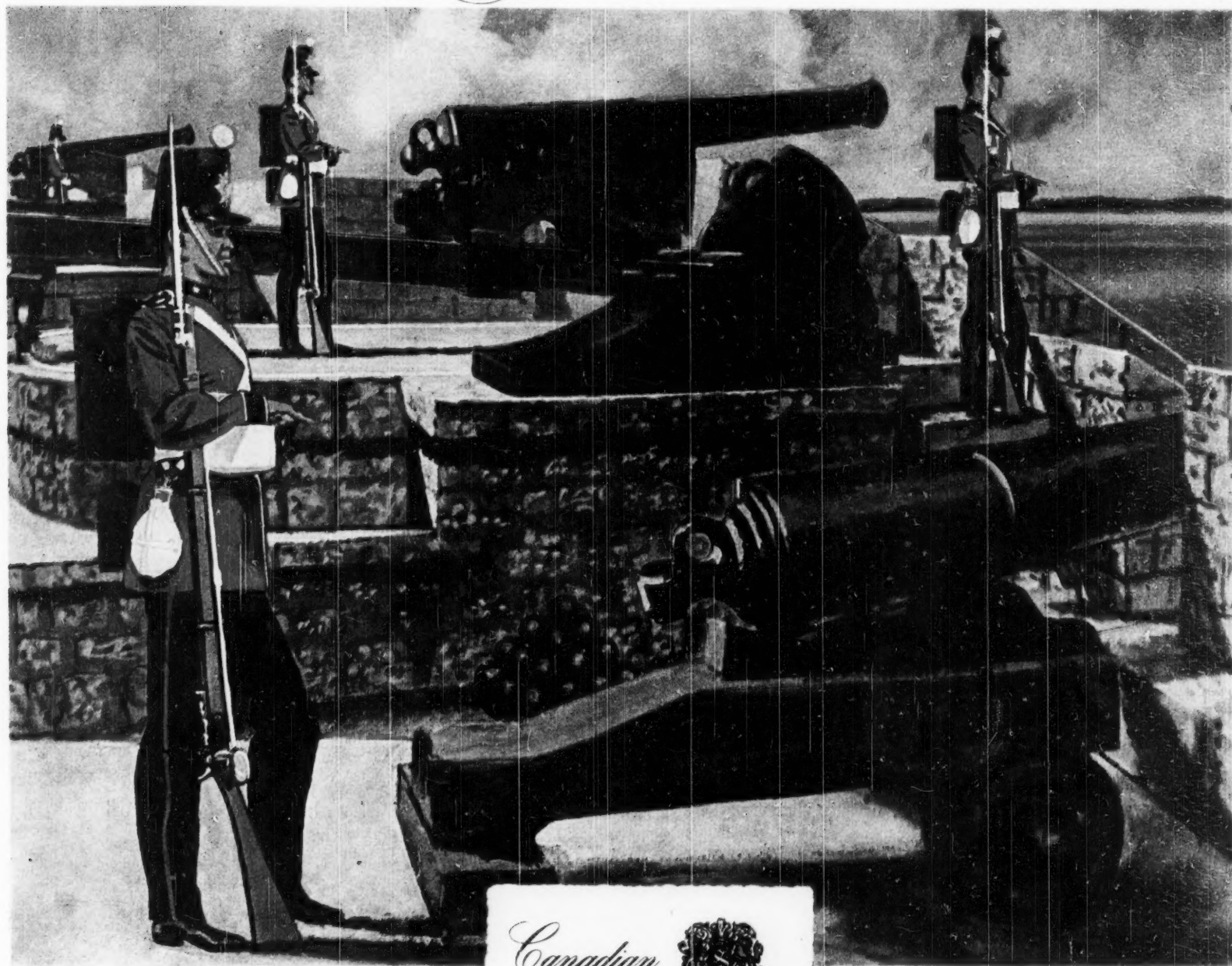
money. Behind an impenetrable fog of debentures, mortgages, bond flotations, loans, subsidies and guarantees, they disappeared from the ken of the ordinary Canadian and went on with the exciting business of putting up their railroad. They built hotels, created telegraph companies, express companies and grain elevators, acquired coal and iron mines, halibut fisheries and whaling stations. They gave business to subcontractors who were frequently their own creatures. They created trust companies and bought and sold a street railway. In time they found themselves so much in debt to the state in its various forms that the state was faced with a difficult decision: either cut off the subsidies and guarantees, force Mackenzie and Mann into bankruptcy and admit that the state had been grotesquely careless with the taxpayers' money or continue the guarantees and subsidies in the hope that Mackenzie and Mann would succeed as the CPR had done in not dissimilar circumstances before.

As outright grants and gifts, the Canadian Northern had by 1913 received more than seven million acres of government land, as much as the area of Belgium or Holland. In addition to these grants of property from the Dominion and the friendliest of the provinces, the promoters had been given about \$30 million in cash. For their services as launchers and managers, their creditors had allowed them to keep almost all the common stock of the railroad, now valued at \$100 million.

The handouts of land and money were

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The fine Canadian tradition of service is represented in this painting of Old Fort Henry. These are sentries on duty at the Citadel of Upper Canada around 1860, a fort which still dominates Kingston, Ontario.



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only a part of the railway's benefices from the public purse. In its last ten years Laurier's Liberal administration had guaranteed the Canadian Northern's bonds for more than \$50 million. In its first three years Borden's Conservative government guaranteed them for almost as much more. The provinces had guaranteed an additional hundred million. Thus, in subsidies of cash and land and the underwriting of their credit, more than a quarter of a billion dollars of public money stood behind the empire the king and the duke had built from virtually nothing except their magnificent energy, ability, nerve, and powers of persuasion.

But a quarter of a billion still wasn't enough. Mackenzie and Mann were in 1914 more gloriously and heroically broke than any two men in Canada's history. Yet so adept had they become at using other people's money that they were both immensely rich. In a confidential letter to Borden, the Tory banker E. B. Osler said that Mackenzie's closest friends estimated his personal and untouchable fortune at between fifteen and forty million dollars. But his and his partner's railway continued to totter on the verge of bankruptcy.

The proprietors now announced to Borden that they needed another \$45 million if they were to finish their line to the Pacific coast. This demand was accompanied by the now familiar promise that it was to be positively the last. Borden, to whom the alternatives of abandoning the line to ruin and defeat and taking it over as a public property were equally unpalatable, conceived the revolutionary notion that it was time the government safeguarded its equity by taking over some of the common stock. Mackenzie and Mann and their closest associates held \$100 million of this and Borden proposed that they surrender \$40 million worth to the nation in return for the new bond guarantee and in partial discharge of past obligations.

During the late spring and early summer, debate about the railway question pushed the approaching war well down into the second layer of the nation's consciousness. The chief entertainment of the debate was provided by two young Tory lawyers—each to become in his own time a prime minister. The newest resolution for the relief of Mackenzie and Mann had been framed by Borden's solicitor-general, Arthur Meighen, and Meighen pressed the case for it to the House of Commons with unremitting vigor. This enraged a somewhat older but equally rising Conservative named Richard Bedford Bennett. Bennett assailed the "shameless mendicancy" of the only mildly embarrassed king and duke, whose aides were busy lining up support in the lobbies. His demand was simple and, as events were to prove, prophetic. Let the country take over the Canadian Northern at once. When his young colleague arose to challenge him, Bennett berated Meighen for his "impertinent interruptions" and dismissed him as the gramophone of Mackenzie and Mann.

Bennett, who partly through a mishap of history was to win a place in his country's memory as a mere defender of wealth and orthodoxy, continued his attack on wealth and orthodoxy hour after hour. Prime Minister Borden for the most part kept to the sidelines and let the young and confident Meighen take the brunt of Bennett's attack.

Bennett's main argument was simple enough. Mackenzie and Mann had assets of their own and they refused to use their own assets either to build the railroad that was making them rich or to rescue it from its difficulties. They wanted the country to pay their debts. Mackenzie and Mann were not even paying the men who worked for them, Bennett said,

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Facade of the "Palace of the Shells" Salamanca, Spain ▶

● The sixteenth century architect was not just following a whim. His patron, a Spanish grandee, wanted his palace in Salamanca to remind the world that he was descended from one of the pilgrims who had crossed the Pyrenees to the shrine of St. James. Each pilgrim had worn a scallop shell badge on his hat as the symbol of his quest.

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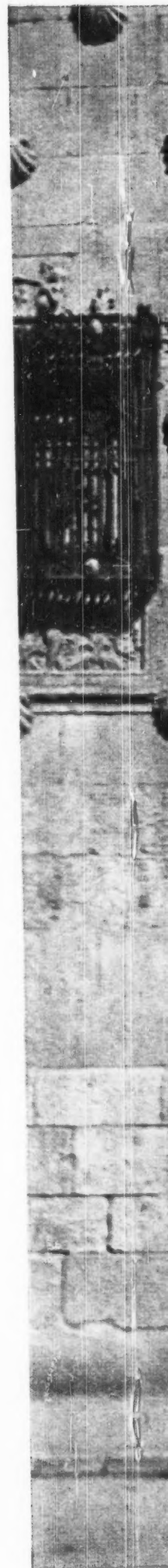
Today this ancient symbol supplies both the name and the trademark of one of Canada's most enterprising companies—Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited.

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"Look at the contractors who have been swarming around the hotel corridors in Ottawa. Why have these contractors come here? Because these men would not pay them." Among the charges he made against Mackenzie and Mann were "boundless ambition," "greed for wealth," and "falsifications and subterfuge." And the railroad, he contended angrily, was as bad as the men behind it. In some respects it was unworthy of being called a railroad. It had so much dirt ballast, dirt track, poor ties, light steel and so many sharp curves and heavy grades that a real railroader would call it at best a "minimum-cost road." He cried that they had laid a trail of corruption extending from Victoria to Halifax. Of Meighen he demanded again: "Since when did bogus surpluses and false accounts constitute a groundwork and foundation on which to lay a claim for the use of the collective credit of the people of the country?" . . . "Are they [Mackenzie and Mann] insolvent or solvent? There is their annual report sent to investors in England. Here is the report made to the parliament of Canada. Here is the report you make to those you get money from; here is the report to those you want money from. Here is the mendicant, there is the promoter."

An exasperated backbencher tried to summarize the operations of Mackenzie and Mann during one of the silences permitted by the outraged Bennett and this was what he said:

"Who is the Canadian Northern Railway Company? Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. In order to get aid from this country they form eighteen or more companies, called subsidiary companies, and who are the principal stockholders in the subsidiary companies? Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. They come to the Canadian parliament, they go to the different legislatures, and they get money for these different companies; and in getting this money they are getting money for Mackenzie and Mann. They thus form a construction company under the name of Mackenzie, Mann and Company Ltd. and the money they have received from the federal government and the governments of the provinces for Mackenzie and Mann acting as the Canadian Northern Railway Company they pay over to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann acting as Mackenzie, Mann and Company Ltd., construction agents. So that all the money that is paid out still remains in the pockets of Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann."

"Of course Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, construction agents, get rich and make money, but the Canadian Northern Railway Company gets poor because it gives all its money to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, as the Canadian Northern Railway Company, come back to parliament and ask for more aid. They should tell us, if they want to be absolutely fair: we have two moneybags at home; one belongs to the Canadian Northern Railway Company, the other to Messrs. Mackenzie, Mann and Company Ltd. We have taken all the money out of the moneybag belonging to the Canadian Northern Railway Company and we have placed it in the moneybag belonging to Mackenzie, Mann and Company Ltd. There is no more money in the first bag, it is all in the second; kindly fill up the first."

Laurier, perhaps because he was enjoying the sounds of internal strife in the Tory ranks, perhaps because his own earlier record in the matter was beginning to look increasingly unfortunate, offered

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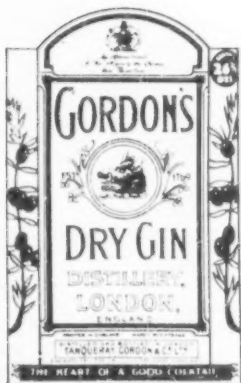
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little more than perfunctory opposition to the new Borden-Meighen plan for the relief of the railway promoters. He expressed admiration for Mackenzie and Mann, but said that if the country had to go into partnership with them the country should be the senior, not the junior, partner.

The bill giving them another forty-five million dollars passed without much real difficulty. The king and the duke had reason once again to count their blessings and praise their brothers and benefactors.

But time at last ran out for them in 1917. One of Borden's last major acts as prime minister had involved yet another massive handout. From his castle overlooking Toronto, Mackenzie pleaded bankruptcy. With the same stunned complaisance with which Canadian statesmen have nearly always responded to the cries of wealthy mendicants, Borden quickly put through a bill to pay off another \$25,000,000 of the Canadian Northern's debts and, though the country already held it in trust, to buy the rest of the railway's stock for a further \$10,000,000.

Equally open-handed settlements were in the making with the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific, two older companies that had also been financed, refinanced, subsidized, resubsidized, rescued, revived and rewarded by the public purse a dozen times and now were for sale to the taxpayers who already owned them in principle in equity and almost certainly in law.

To the last Borden had tried to keep

Mackenzie in business. At Mackenzie's importuning he made a personal visit to New York to meet a group of New York bankers (Otto Kahn himself was one of them) and see if he could persuade them to vote a private bond issue. The bankers indicated a willingness to discuss details. Borden's spirits rose momentarily, but only momentarily; the bankers' terms, it soon developed, might have been written by Sir William Mackenzie himself. They'd be quite happy to float the desired bond issue and their sole condition was that the government of Canada must guarantee both the principal and the interest; in short, if the government would give them a commission the New York banks were prepared to lend the promoters the government's money. They would not risk a penny of their own. In the commercial market the credit of Mackenzie and Mann was non-existent.

Dazed and saddened, Borden returned to Ottawa and the bitter task of persuading parliament to give the entrepreneurs just one final ten million dollars and then call the whole thing off. This enterprise was attended by contumely and dissent but, apparently through force of habit, parliament acquiesced. The king and the duke surrendered their railway to the burgeoning Canadian National, and retired with nothing but their memories and their money. ★

NEXT: THE HUDDAY OF THE RUMRUNNERS AND THE SCANDALOUS CUSTOMS SERVICE. Ralph Allen's book *Ordeal by Fire* will be published this fall by Doubleday Canada Ltd.

ANIMALS WHO'VE GONE TO TOWN *continued from page 23*

A squirrel looks both ways before he crosses, but it doesn't mean he's adjusted to traffic

time city dwellers. Some live within the city in natural surroundings, in places like the Don Valley in Toronto, Rockcliffe Park in Ottawa, Mount Royal in Montreal and Stanley Park in Vancouver, from which they can penetrate the city for food. But skunks now live under warehouses and beneath houses on city streets; cottontail rabbits raise families in Toronto's subway right-of-way, in a private world of shrubs and grassy slopes within the sound of ice cubes from the open windows of \$300-a-month apartments. The same rabbits thrive in Government House grounds in Ottawa and in Queen's Park in Toronto. The cottontail is a magician at concealing itself. Occasionally one will appear, as if from nowhere, hopping along Philosopher's Walk near Avenue Road and Bloor in Toronto, in an area well traveled not only by philosophers but also by thousands of schoolchildren, Sunday strollers, and prowling dogs on their way to Queen's Park.

Zoologists are dubious about whether animals "adapt" themselves to the city, in the sense of changing their habits. The grey squirrel will look both ways before crossing a busy street, if he can't find an aerial route via branches or telephone wires, but this doesn't necessarily mean he's adjusted to traffic. A squirrel is always on the lookout for moving objects. But animals have found that man provides food, cover and conveniences and have made use of his facilities. Rats and mice used to have to hurry from log to log to dodge predators. Now they can live their entire lives inside buildings. Electric signs provide warm roosting sites for starlings, on cold winter nights. Starlings, incidentally, commute from town to country in reverse, leaving the city when the human commuters are coming in, to spend the day feeding in surrounding farmlands, and

returning at dusk. Flocks of starlings have been seen passing up Toronto's Avenue Road in the morning flying just above the cars that are coming into town from the opposite direction. TV antennas make good perches for many birds. The night-hawk, whose cry is as much a part of the summer streets as the sound of peanut wagons, has found built-up gravel roofs a handy place for laying eggs. Chimney swifts, which originally nested in caves and hollow trees, now use chimneys, which provide the conveniences of both and are easier to find. Raccoons also like chimneys for dens. A Toronto raccoon crawled down a chimney of a private home and had five babies in the fireplace. A cottontail was recently seen in Toronto living amid the weeds and metal castings behind a factory on Davenport Road, in an "old briar patch" that would have withstood a blitz.

One of the big inducements of city life is the ready supply of food. Pigeons haunt the platforms of the Bay and Dundas bus terminal in Toronto, picking up bits of chocolate bars and peanuts dropped by fidgety passengers. At the same station, flocks of sparrows meet incoming buses to pick the insects off. Seagulls, which usually hang out around the waterfront, often move uptown to perch on buildings and when the coast is clear make raids on exposed garbage. Sparrows pick at the bindweeds that grow on city paths conveniently packed hard by people's feet. Picnic grounds, and the spots where construction crews have their lunch, usually have a few sparrows and starlings dining unnoticed in the background. Zoo cages are regular smorgasbords of leftovers. One of the great killers of rats at the Riverdale Zoo, in the days before it was cleaned up, was a chimpanzee, who would peer at a rustling patch of straw, lean

over studiously and, with a casual, deceptive sweep of its arm, backhand a rat into oblivion, never missing. Birds that live in the city because it's easy pickings attract birds of prey, who find them easy pickings. Whenever there's a roundup of pigeons at Toronto's St. Lawrence Market, two or three barred owls are caught in the nets along with them. Tall buildings are used as aeries by sparrow hawks. The spire of St. James Cathedral at King and Church Streets in Toronto was for a long time the home of a red-tailed hawk. A peregrine falcon, a bird with a 42-inch wingspread that prefers to strike at airborne prey, nested on the Sun Life Building in Montreal from 1936 to 1952, preying on pigeons and starlings in Dominion Square. She mated successively with three males during the seventeen years and reared twenty-two young. Insects attracted by street lamps and by the searchlights that promote man's various projects provide rich banquet areas for bats, of which two species—the big brown bat and the little brown bat—seem to like living in town. The big brown bat, which hibernates in the city, often in the attics of private homes, occasionally wakes up on a warm day and crawls into the living quarters. Museum people get more frantic calls about bats than about any other animals. An elderly lady with guilt feelings about stunning a bat with a broom brought it to an official of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto in a quart sealer. She had provided it with a hamburger and some French fries. "A more forlorn bat you've never seen," said the official, who rather likes bats.

Just about every species of insect finds its way into the city, including some startling species such as the praying mantis. One recently rode up Bay Street on the shoulder of a Toronto streetcar passenger until a helpful drunk leaned over and said, "Mister, you got the biggest damn grasshopper on your shoulder I've ever seen." Dr. Frank Lutz, a former head of the Department of Entomology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, found 1,402 species of insects behind his house in Ramsey, New Jersey, twenty miles from Times Square. The 250,000,000-year-old cockroach is a specialist in city living. Although it also lives in a wild state in warm latitudes, it thrives chiefly in man's kitchens, which are kept at humid subtropical temperatures all year round. It looks as if it will be around for a long time yet, as it has found perfect concealment from birds and is one of the insects that have developed a resistance to insecticides. Mosquitoes find the little vases for flowers in cemeteries ideal places for laying their eggs. The museum beetle, *Dermestid*, dines on the insects in showcases, and the bookworm, *Psocid*, makes better use of the city libraries than a lot of people do.

The territory of one city animal can

PARADE

Self-service station

On sleepless nights, when the exhausted businessman feels entirely trapped by the modern rat race, the place he should dream about fleeing to is way up the Alaska Highway. A Vancouver auditor who traveled almost 2,000 miles to check the accounts of a lodge and gas station on that far tourist frontier found the place deserted but a note from the owner stuck on the window: "Away for week. Food in fridge. Books on kitchen table. Please look after pumps till I get back."

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coincide with that of another—say a sparrow and a rat working the same beat. But an animal will sometimes wage relentless war on another closely related variety. When the Norway rat came to North America by boat in the 1770s it brought with it its European feud with its near relative the black rat, which had arrived ahead of it. The black rat, a much more dangerous animal when it enters the house of man because it likes to live upstairs, appears in Canada only on the shores of both coasts.

Within a species, populations appear to

be fixed by some form of social organization. In Baltimore, a known rat population was isolated in a 10,000-square-foot enclosed area and provided with an unlimited central supply of food. Eventually a pattern of domination over food was set up, one that forced some rats to get along on a limited supply. They had to work harder, fight harder. Their reproduction rate decreased. They neglected their young. Their mortality rate rose. Statistically, the original number of rats could have increased to 50,000 in the two-year study period, but the population

reached an uncrowded 200 and stayed there. In another experiment, 112 strange rats were introduced to an existing rat community with unlimited territory. Only 16 percent of the newcomers survived, because of what animal psychologists call social disorganization. It's now believed possible that under crowded conditions animals become so excited that they die. Crowded mice are known to develop enlarged adrenal glands, characteristic of stress.

The life of a city animal isn't as hazardous as it may appear to any human

who happens to notice one moving around apparently without design. A bird, such as a cardinal, living off food put out for it by kindly householders, tends to turn up at the same feeding station at roughly the same time every day. As a rule, animals don't roam very far. A sparrow living in a gable of an old downtown house will spend the day patrolling the eavestroughs for seeds washed down into them by rain, visit a stunted sumac in a patch of grass behind a Chop Suey house, look for insects in a mountain of used tires and steel cuttings in a nearby scrap yard. It will move around a lot and cover a lot of miles, but stay within a block or two of home. Individual animals do get in places they didn't intend to get into. In West Toronto a garter snake came up through a bathtub drain. A few years ago a skunk was seen sitting in the doorway of the Bank of Montreal at King and Bay Streets, just off dead centre of Toronto's business section. Another walked into the Regent Theatre in Collingwood, Ontario, during a movie. Skunks frequently get their heads stuck in tin cans and jam jars and wander around town looking like visitors from outer space. A squirrel fell into a toilet in a beauty salon on Danforth Avenue in Toronto, establishing some sort of record by taking the women's minds off their permanents. An employee of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests looked up from his desk to see a raccoon peering in at him through the window, as if watching to see where the taxpayers' money went.

The record of calls at the Toronto Humane Society office sounds like a list of charges at morning court. A raccoon was found ripping the shingles off the Evangelical Temple at the corner of Bond and Dundas. Another was picked up for scaring guests in the parking lot of the Royal York Hotel. When one Humane Society worker tried to catch a raccoon on King Street, it bit him on the back of the leg, charged an old man who happened to be passing by, tore the stockings of a woman who came along, ran up on a porch, tipped over a bottle of milk and sat there lapping it up as if drinking toasts. One rainy morning, Chief Inspector Robert Johnstone of the Toronto Humane Society, a gentle, greying man with a faint Scots accent, went after a raccoon on a fire escape in the lane near the Salvation Army building on Albert Street. Johnstone went up the fire escape with a cat box under one arm, and holding a dog stick, a device with a lambs'-wool-lined noose at the end, which is now used instead of a net for catching dogs and getting cats down off trees and telephone poles. Every time he got the noose over the raccoon's head, the coon lifted it off with its front paws. The salesgirls in Eaton's piece-goods department gathered at the windows to cheer him on, or cheer the raccoon on. Johnstone wasn't sure which. "I was never so embarrassed in my life," he says softly. The raccoon got up on a piece of tin over a window, the tin began to yield and the coon jumped on Johnstone's shoulder, with a grunt. Then it took off along the side of the building holding onto a pipe that ran along the brick wall. It lost its hold, dropped four stories to the pavement, got up, and headed up the lane toward Trinity Church. Johnstone cornered it among the Eaton's delivery trucks parked in Trinity Square, and got the stick over its head. The raccoon seemed in good health. "I said to myself, 'You poor devil, after falling four stories, you deserve the best,'" Johnstone says. He put it into his car, let it recuperate at the Humane Society for a couple of days, and then had one of his men drive it to the Don Valley and release it.

Raccoons are remarkably durable. Another one, confronted at the top of the

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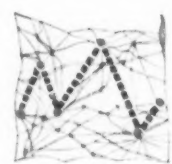
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Victory Mills grain elevator in Toronto by Senior Inspector Roy Greer of the Humane Society, leaped at him, missed, and dropped two hundred and ten feet. It was unhurt. Greer took it to the Riverdale Zoo, where it immediately beat up three other coons and settled down to its new life. Raccoons go out on the town at night, wandering far from their nests, get caught downtown by daybreak and just curl up on the ledge of a building or on a fire escape to sleep it off. If they were left alone, they'd stay there till nighttime and then go home. But people always report animals.

City ravines and streams and water-fronts also provide concealed routes for non-citified animals to infiltrate the city. One of the worst jobs ever tackled by the Toronto Humane Society was catching a deer in a junkyard at the foot of Spadina Avenue, an area surrounded by railway yards and warehouses. A Humane Society inspector chased a muskrat around Eaton's College Street store in Toronto, in a completely landlocked part of town, until it

seum, whose staff appreciates getting the snakes. On one call the museum people found the warehousemen, with more kindness than logic, trying to feed bananas to a little two-foot boa constrictor from Guatemala, as if it hadn't had enough trouble traveling a couple of thousand miles in a chilly railway car. A frequent arrival in town from the south, also, is the tarantula, a spider of frightening dimensions that can give a very painful bite.

One exotic arrival in the fringes of southern Canadian cities that looks as if it's going to stay is the ring-necked

pheasant, which was introduced to North America in 1881, when birds from China were liberated in Oregon. It's a beautiful bird that gives an Oriental touch to suburbia, as if a satrap of Persia lived just around the corner from the shopping plaza, and it seems to have made the grade in the city. But it will have to hustle to hold its own with city animals that have not only learned to live with man but also how to outsmart him.

The persistence and will to succeed shown by some animals in making a living would do credit to a Fuller Brush

man. Raccoons will shove weights off the lids of garbage pails; if the lid is wired on, they'll roll the whole pail down a flight of steps to loosen things up. A Toronto man watched with fascination while a group of grey squirrels negotiated a clothesline, hand over hand, to reach a birdhouse. When the man covered the birdhouse with a sharply pitched metal roof, the squirrels all practised leaping on it from a nearby tree, until one of them managed to hold on.

City animals like the squirrel are still wild animals. It's only as a species that

PARADE

Post no bills

In a mine office at Uranium City, Sask., an employee left unattended on the counter a parcel addressed to a friend in B.C., to be picked up by the company bus driver and mailed at the local post office. Tucked under the string of the parcel was an open letter addressed to a mail-order house and containing \$18 in bills, plus a note asking the bus driver to buy an \$18 money order, seal it in the envelope and mail that too. The driver picked up the parcel all right, but on his next trip back to the office he avowed he hadn't noticed any envelope. The downcast employee wondered sadly whether his \$18 had blown out of the truck or been lost forever among a thousand other parcels. But a week later he received an \$18 money order addressed to himself, sent by the friend in B.C. who had found the cash still tucked in the envelope and the envelope still tucked in the parcel.

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eluded him under a row of parked cars. A coyote was caught in Metropolitan Toronto, and a wolf jumped through a cellar in an old residential section on Pape Avenue. In June, two taxi drivers in Victoria chased a cougar and held it at bay in a downtown doorway. In 1944 a wild buck jumped the fence at Toronto's High Park Zoo into a paddock with two female Virginia deer and an Indian water buffalo and didn't come out again. "He was very shy at first," says Robert V. Lindsay, the zoo attendant who discovered him. "I took it easy, not to startle him. He quieted down after a few weeks." The deer was there for about two months. One day the zoo's bull elk, during the rutting season, jumped into the pen and frightened the deer so badly that it bolted against the fence and killed itself.

Among the more exotic animals that turn up in the city are snakes that arrive from the tropics, coiled in bunches of bananas, where they like to hunt insects. The warehouse workers for a Toronto supermarket, removing the plastic covering in which bunches of bananas are shipped, unveiled, coiled on top of one bunch, a beautiful black and yellow seven-foot Criba from South America, a mildly poisonous species related to the garter snakes. On occasions like this the warehouse crews usually call the Royal Ontario Mu-

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they've lost their fear of man, to the extent of living near him. As individuals — unlike, say, the dog — they keep their distance from people. On the other hand, some animals that have been domesticated since before the written history of man will revert to a wild state. Many cats are born, live and die wild within the city. There are kittens that Humane Society people can't catch, living in and around and under factories — completely wild, battle-scarred and crafty. An occasional dog will revert to a wolflike life. A silver-colored female shepherd was seen in the part of Toronto's Don Valley between Gerrard Street and Pottery Road, living off the garbage that was being dumped into the valley to raise the level of Riverdale Park. Inspector Greer of the Humane Society tracked it in the snow up the valley for fifteen miles. It stayed about a hundred yards ahead of him, using such tricks as going into a culvert and coming out in terrain where Greer couldn't follow. Finally, he had to give up. But he studied the dog's habits and one day posted himself on one of its trails watching it through binoculars as another man drove it up the valley. When it was within range he shot it with a tranquilizer gun, hitting it with four barbs, each of which carried 10cc of nicotine. But the dog kept on. It was savage and dangerous, and the next time Greer had it in range, he was forced to kill it.

The case of domestic animals going wild is a well-known one, but the big trend is in the opposite direction — wild animals moving toward a softer life. During the past twenty-five years many animals that originally retreated from man in North America have started to come back. Deer now seem to prefer to live in cultivated areas. It has been estimated that there are as many around Toronto and Montreal now as there were in pioneer days. Many birds that are not city dwellers in the

independent way that the sparrow is nevertheless do live in the city, making full use of man's pleasure in feeding them. On Sundays in the winter, crowds gather on Toronto's waterfront to feed a flock of black ducks and mallards that has grown to about 3,000 from a few pinioned birds released from High Park thirty years ago. Considering that the Humane Society also treats them to forty or fifty 100-pound bags of bird feed every winter, along with bread and cakes donated by bakeries, it's a credit to the ducks that they still bother to go up the Humber Valley to breed. Few people, on the other hand, think of putting out water for the sparrows when all the water outside has turned to ice. This is one of the greatest hazards of one of our most cheerful birds.

But man is beginning to encourage his new neighbors, in spite of his tendency to ruin all natural habitats in the city by tidying them up, cutting down the growth, and solidifying the marshes with nice clean fill. Animals like natural, messy ponds and tangled bushes, and it would be a good idea to leave some of them around if we are going to get along with our city animals. And we should try very hard. They require no upkeep, they're quiet, unobtrusive, don't use power mowers, and don't keep noisy pets like dogs. (Although in the case of the wily flea, they let dogs keep them.) Their houses are individual and interesting. They have no motorboats, transistor radios, Jaguars without mufflers, or motorevels. They're thrifty and live on what man wastes, and never give up the fight for survival. They sometimes show more sense and spirit than man, and the chirp of a house sparrow on a dull winter day, the lonely cry of a nighthawk far above the noise from a gin mill, the song of a robin on a spring morning, the coo of a pigeon on the window ledge of a downtown hotel are all things we should try to keep around us. ★

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of waste and pollution from industrial outlets.

A cheap process of removing salt from water could be adapted for the removal of other chemicals and could revolutionize the familiar old-fashioned waterworks. The scientists aren't losing track of this important fact but their principal objective is to beat the global water shortage.

How close are they to the breakthrough?

Nobody can say for sure. Experiments are in progress in the United States, Great Britain, the Netherlands, South Africa, Australia, Israel, France, Russia, Japan and elsewhere. All these experiments may be disappointing—or one may succeed spectacularly today, tomorrow or next year. That would be the breakthrough.

The U.S., because it is alarmed by the grave water shortage it faces itself, is the scene of the most concentrated research program, and perhaps the best-informed opinion on the prospects is that of Philip Yeager, special consultant of the Committee on Science and Astronautics of the U.S. House of Representatives. The committee assigned Yeager to survey what is

being done. He recently reported: "No expert contacted felt any doubt that the . . . goal of truly economic water conversion would be reached and could be reached soon with optimum effort and support."

President Kennedy and Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson have both committed their administration to "optimum effort and support" and since January the Office of Saline Water of the Department of the Interior has accelerated its activities. The Office of Saline Water is co-ordinating a multi-million-dollar expenditure on research, pilot plants and full-sized plants which, while primarily experimental, are actually providing converted water for thousands of Americans.

"It seems worth noting," the Yeager report continues, "that this belief [that a breakthrough is certain and close] exists not only among industrial scientists working with carefully monitored budgets, but among university scientists and the part-time inventors. . . . It exists in spite of the fact that the great majority of those . . . in the field are conservative in their claims. Only a few equipment makers, understandably anxious to create a commercial reputation, have resorted to the 'hard sell' or premature publicity. . . ."

Desalting stocks are hot

The equipment makers, which spent roughly fifty million dollars on water-conversion research in 1960 in the U.S. alone, include such corporations as General Electric, Westinghouse, Fairbanks Whitney, Koppers, Fluor, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Monsanto Chemical, Curtiss-Wright and Blaw-Knox. They and Yeager are convinced, as Yeager states it, that: "The nature of our water needs will be severe enough to make the conversion of salt water a major commercial venture, perhaps in the image of the mining or oil industries, within fifteen or twenty years." Apparently U.S. investors are equally convinced. As long ago as May 1959, when it was rumored that Fluor Corporation would reap immediate and substantial profits from its conversion process, Fluor shares jumped on the New York Stock Exchange. They dropped when the rumor was denied. And in April of this year, Fairbanks Whitney stock bounced sharply because of speculation about its desalting earnings, which the company claims will be significant by 1963. There are investment counselors who predict that water-conversion stocks will be the liveliest performers on the market within the next decade.

Yeager's comment on the commercial outlook: "As the American population rises and its standard of living continues to improve . . . we shall have to depend on the seas, bays, inlets and underground tables of brackish water for new sources of supply. One thing is sure. People will pay what is necessary to obtain the water they need. The fact that Texans during the 1957 drought queued up to buy water at fifty cents a gallon while other Americans less affected were paying from twenty to forty cents for a thousand gallons of it is eloquent testimony. On the other hand the signs today point to the probability that salt-water conversion will result in costs proportional, if not comparable, to going water rates today."

What have the scientists achieved to date? They've reduced the cost of converting salt water into fresh water by more than seventy-five percent. At the close of World War II the cost of extracting fresh water from the sea was between four and five dollars per thousand gallons. In May of this year at Freeport, Texas, a Gulf community of 11,600, the U.S. Office of Saline Water opened a plant that converts a million gallons of sea water a day at a cost of a dollar per thousand gallons. This



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was a milestone—the first time anywhere that the cost per thousand gallons for converting sea water had been cut to an even dollar.

Freeport is buying half a million gallons a day and Dow Chemical Company, the town's leading industry, is buying the half-million-gallon balance. Freeporters had been dubious about drinking converted water; they thought it would taste bad. Only after they had been drinking it for a week, without knowing the difference, did the Office of Saline Water announce that delivery of converted water from the new plant to the town had begun.

At Freeport, Dow Chemical produces magnesium and bromine—a fertilizer ingredient—from sea water, but has to have fresh water to do it. It is carrying on tests to determine whether it can make bromine and magnesium from the waste from the Office of Saline Water's conversion plant—waste that is a soupy concentrate of the elements in the sea. If it can, it will buy the waste, as well as converted water. It may be that all conversion plants will have a byproduct potential.

Freeport is one of several U.S. communities that drink converted water or are about to do so. The first was Coalinga, a California oil town with a population of 6,000. Deep under Coalinga there is lots of brackish water. It's not nearly as salt as the sea, but too salt for most purposes, but too salt to be swallowed. It's the sort of water they call "six-foot" water all over the Southwest because when a thirsty man samples it he spits six feet.

For years Coalinga's drinking water had to be hauled forty miles by railway tank car at a cost of \$7.05 per thousand gallons. Then somebody heard by chance of Ionics Incorporated, of Cambridge, Mass., a concern that manufactures and installs water demineralizers. The Coalinga council sent for one, and since early in 1959 Coalinga residents have been enjoying sweet cold water from their own wells, at \$1.43 per thousand gallons.

Morro Bay, California, population 3,900, augments a failing supply of fresh water with converted sea water at \$2.50 per thousand gallons, and Oxnard, California, a city of 40,000, is likewise converting sea water. The Oxnard plant is new and costs aren't available yet.

There are plants similar to Coalinga's for demineralizing brackish water at Moses Point and Kotzebue in Alaska, Hanksville and Saltair in Utah, Monahans in Texas, Junius Pond in New York, Winslow in Arizona, Havre in Montana, Hanna City in Illinois, and Gettysburg, South Dakota.

Meanwhile the Office of Saline Water is constructing plants to convert sea water at San Diego, California, and Wrightsville, North Carolina, and plants to convert brackish water at Webster, South Dakota, and Roswell, New Mexico. The OSW is selecting a site for another conversion plant on the northeastern U.S. coast.

While the U.S. is leading in research, the biggest conversion plants are in other countries. Al Kuwait, capital of the oil-rich Persian Gulf sheikdom of Kuwait, formerly drew its water from a filthy trickle of a creek. This is eleven miles from the city and the water was toted in leather bags on the backs of donkeys and clay pots on the heads of women and sold from door to door.

But a few years ago the sheik of Kuwait, a more enlightened man than most of his fellow Arab rulers, decided to spend some of his oil money on a plant that would turn sea water into drinking water. His first conversion unit had a capacity of 375,000 gallons per day and so delighted the sheik and his subjects that he installed a second unit with a capacity of 2,500,000 gpd. Later he built a third unit, 2,500,000 gpd like the second, and he is now shop-

ping for a fourth installation of the most modern design. One of his representatives was in Washington in May conferring with engineers of the Office of Saline Water. The representative said to J. W. Pat O'Meara, information officer of the OSW: "Unquestionably, the whole world will go to the oceans for water. Kuwait had to do it sooner, that's all."

Aruba, in the Dutch West Indies, also had to "do it sooner" and has a 3,500,000-gpd conversion plant—the world's largest single unit. Aruba, like Kuwait, is rich in oil. It has oil wells and a refinery

but not much else, its soil being poor for farming. Its conversion plant has, as a curious sideline, a twelve-acre pond that supplies the island's 55,000 inhabitants with vegetables and fruit.

Among other places that depend on the sea for all or part of their drinking water (with the output of their conversion plants expressed in gallons per day): Curaçao, Dutch West Indies, 1,000,000; Nassau, the Bahamas, 1,200,000; Cardon, Colombia, 2,600,000; Aden, 400,000; the island of Guernsey, 500,000; Las Piedras, Venezuela, 450,000; Mirafiori, Italy, 300,000;

Buenos Aires, 150,000; Gibraltar, 330,000; Bermuda, 289,000; St. John, Virgin Islands, 275,000; Doha, in the Persian Gulf sheikdom of Qatar, 420,000; Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, 200,000; Thule, Greenland, 130,000; Port Blair, Andaman Islands, 70,000.

All these plants extract fresh water from sea water by distillation—a process known for centuries. As far back as 1573, seafarers on long voyages took simple distilling equipment with them; in 1624 Roger Bacon wrote: "With a heat sufficient for distillation, salt will not rise in a vapor."

But distillation, once slow and expensive,

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is nothing like it used to be. The scientists have speeded it to a point where it is instantaneous—have devised new systems like flash distillation, in which water at a given pressure and temperature is released into a chamber of slightly lower pressure where it “flashes” into vapor and is condensed, and rotary vapor compression distillation, in which the salt water is sprayed on a heated rotating cylinder plate, where it evaporates. But even with this equipment distillation has the disadvantage of requiring fuel, so that the cost cannot be brought below a certain point. On

Aruba, with an abundance of oil at the lowest possible price, the cost is more than \$1.25 per thousand gallons of water converted. At the more efficient plant at Freeport much of the \$1-per-thousand cost is for fuel. According to the Office of Saline Water in Washington, a plant of the Freeport type could convert water at fifty cents per thousand instead of \$1 if it had a daily capacity of 17,000,000 gallons, or seventeen times the present capacity. If the calcium sulphate scale can be controlled, there would be a further reduction in cost of 30 percent. Thus a distillery that can

convert sea water at thirty-five cents per thousand gallons is not far off, at least in theory. This is as low as the average household water rate but excessively high for farm irrigation or for big industrial consumers.

Ten or fifteen cents per thousand gallons is generally considered to be the most a U. S. farmer can pay for irrigation water—and this only where crops are especially valuable. Still, circumstances alter cases, and the hungry countries may discover that irrigation water at thirty-five cents a thousand gallons is preferable to starvation.

So may U. S. farmers as the population explosion continues.

There is one kind of distillation for which the fuel is free—solar distillation. The Office of Saline Water in its annual report for 1959 stated that “simple direct solar distillation has the best chance of being developed into an economical conversion process.”

In solar distillation the sun, shining through glass or transparent plastic, heats and evaporates salt water lying in a shallow pool. The vapor rises and condenses on the underside of the glass or plastic cover, whence it drains into troughs. The pool is refilled at intervals.

A solar research station constructed by the Office of Saline Water at Daytona Beach, Florida, looks exactly like a greenhouse with its rows of peaked glass roofs. The pond under glass has an area of 2,500 square feet. There are, in addition, two ponds with a total area of 2,800 square feet, roofed by a film of strong plastic kept in place by a jet of air. The three ponds produce about 500 gallons of water a day, all of which, except enough to fill a water cooler for visitors, is allowed to run away. It tastes, in the words of one visitor who sampled it, “not quite as good

PARADE

Seconds

A younger brother in Oshawa, Ont., gets pretty tired of inheriting hand-me-downs. The other morning while he was watching his mother prepare breakfast he noticed her pour steaming water from the tap on one bowl of cereal, then pour the same water off into a second bowl. “Gosh, mom,” he burst out, “Do I even have to have second-hand Shredded Wheat water?”

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as the ordinary water we use with all the salts and corruption left in it.”

The drawback with solar distillation is that the ponds take up so much space in relation to the amount of water converted. Yet it is likely to be well suited to prairies and deserts where the sun is seldom hidden by clouds and there are vast empty expanses of land.

Thus far distillation with gas, oil, coal or electricity as fuel, rather than the sun, has been the only process used to convert sea water, except on an experimental basis. Sea water has 35,000 parts of salt in 1,000,000 parts of water.

“When there is that much salt,” explains Pat O’Meara of the Office of Saline Water, “you boil the water out of the salt. But with brackish water, with perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 parts of salt to 1,000,000 parts of water, you take the salt out of the water.”

The process most widely used to do this is electro dialysis, in which cations, or electrically positive particles in the water, and anions, or electrically negative particles are employed in the demineralizing.

All the brackish water converted in the U. S. is converted by electro dialysis. The largest electro dialysis plant by far has a capacity of 3,000,000 gallons a day and is at Welksom, in the Orange Free State. The gold mines at Welksom had to purchase millions of gallons of fresh water a day for mining and extraction and also had to spend huge sums pumping saline water from underground workings. The saline water had to be laboriously spread over thousands of acres so as not to drain into fresh-water streams and contaminate them. Electro dialysis provided a happy solution. Now the Welksom mines demineralize the saline water. As well as filling



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their own fresh-water requirements, this has ended their disposal difficulties. The cost is about thirty-five cents per thousand gallons.

Apart from distillation and electrodiagnosis, the removal of salt by freezing is the process on which the most research has been done. Alexander Zarkin, a Russian Jew who saw people in Siberia picking chunks of ice from the sea and melting them for drinking water, is the inventor of one method of demineralization by freezing. Fairbanks Whitney Corporation shares the rights to Zarkin's methods and is now building two pilot plants, each of 250,000-gpd capacity, near Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba for the Israeli government. Another freezing method is that of the Carrier Corporation of Syracuse, N.Y., which uses flash evaporation of precooled sea water to produce ice.

Freezing has the advantage of taking less fuel than distilling, and ice crystals are pure water, containing no salt. The trick is to separate the crystals from the salt that clings to them, and this involves complex and fairly expensive machinery.

Other processes under investigation include ion exchange, in which salt water is washed through resins or other materials where its salt ions are replaced by nonobjectionable ions; the use of gas hydrates, a process like freezing but one in which the water solidifies at higher temperatures than in straight freezing; and the use of nuclear energy as a source of heat for distillation.

Exactly how acute is the water shortage? That's the question asked most often by the critics of the Office of Saline Water's program—and there aren't many of them. The most accurate answer, so far as the United States is concerned, is to be found in reports compiled by the U.S. Geological Survey.

These show that the total readily available supply of fresh water in the United States is 515 billion gallons a day and that consumption is now 312 billion or roughly sixty percent of the total. It has gone up from 40 billion gallons in 1900, to 135 billion gallons in 1940, to 262 billion gallons a day in 1955. By 1975, with a population of 235 million, the U.S. will need 453 billion gallons daily if existing trends in water use continue—about ninety percent of the total supply. And by 1980 the U.S. will be in real trouble, unless the supply is tremendously augmented by sea and underground water.

Already more than 1,100 U.S. communities have to restrict the use of water during summer dry spells. Orange, N.J., has a fine for leaky taps, and Jamaica, N.Y., assigns inspectors to patrol streets looking for illegal lawn watering.

With the population and the per capita consumption of water both rising, big cities are reaching farther and farther for water. San Francisco's supply, for example, is piped 176 miles, and Los Angeles's supply, now piped 400 miles, may soon be piped an additional 625 miles. Some of New York's water travels 125 miles. While the lack of water is most pronounced in Texas, Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico, even New Jersey, with a heavier than average rainfall, is on the edge of a disastrous water shortage, and the position of other northeastern states is approaching the danger point.

Canada, with a tenth of the population of the U.S., a cooler climate and, in most regions, a fairly heavy annual rainfall, does not appear to be threatened by water shortages yet, except in a few eastern cities and in arid localities in the prairies. For this reason Canada is doing no research of its own but is waiting for the Americans to come up with something that might be of use later. In the meantime Canada is lucky to have, near its areas of

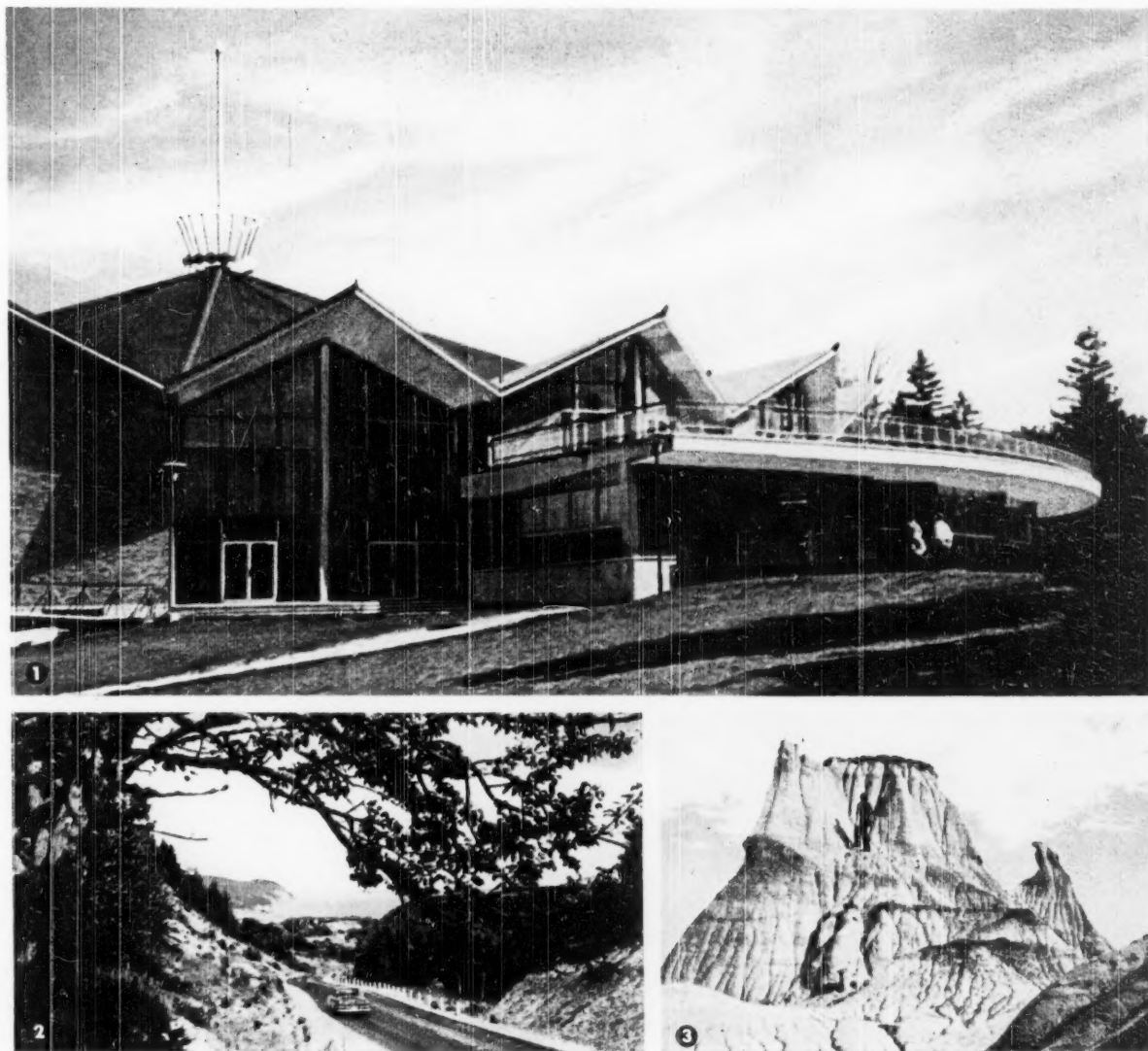
greatest population density, the huge fresh-water reservoirs of the Great Lakes and the Canadian Shield.

The worst water shortages by far are, of course, not in North America at all. Paul Hoffman, managing director of the United Nations Special Fund, told a U.S. Senate subcommittee not long ago: "The growth in the absolute and per capita demand for fresh water . . . is an international problem of terrifying proportions." The UN has established a water-resources development centre at its New York headquarters and is now launching a global

survey to determine precisely how much misery lack of water is inflicting on mankind. One thing is known without a survey—that no nation can have a highly industrialized economy or a decent living standard without plenty of water. This is obvious from the fact that in North America every person employed in an electro-metallurgical plant uses 22,000,000 gallons of water a year and there are chemical plants that have to have 17,000,000 gallons per employee. A synthetic rubber plant uses 660,000 gallons per ton of product.

Figures like that can't have much meaning for the scores of millions in arid countries who have to trudge long distances to fetch warm, germ-laden, unpalatable water in pots, buckets and leather bags. They can't have much meaning for the scores of millions whose parched fields won't grow enough to feed them.

Yet the largest part of our earth is under water—salt water—and much of the dry land is on top of brackish water. And the breakthrough, the cheap process for turning the salt water into fresh water, is coming surely and soon. ★



Pictured above are three points of interest in this vast Canada of ours. **1.** The Stratford Shakespearean Festival Theatre brings drama lovers from all over the world to Stratford, Ont. **2.** One of the lovely views

enjoyed by motorists travelling highway #14 in Fundy National Park, New Brunswick. **3.** Strange natural formations attract visitors to Alberta's "Badlands" near Calgary, Alta.



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MIRACLE AT CHANGI PRISON *continued from page 17*

What was in the pumpkins? In the dungeon, I looked. Five million Straits dollars!

"Sir," I began again, "The buyaam soup is not enough. We are getting weaker. More sick are going to hospital every day."

He dismissed me curtly. "Permission not granted."

Okasaki was to grant me several more interviews. Once he asked me how I would get to Singapore to bring back the food. "I would walk and carry it on my back," I replied. "But what good would so little food be among so many people?" he asked. "Sir," I said, "there's a wise Oriental saying that the greatest physician is the one who inspires hope. Even a little food—even one tin of powdered milk for my friend Sheltie who is dying of starvation because she has cancer of the throat and can't swallow the buyaam soup—would give a ray of hope to all of us."

On Thursday morning, which marked the forty-eighth interview, I heard—almost with disbelief—Okasaki grant us permission to go to Singapore. Our conveyance was a battle-scarred British truck that traveled on its steel rims because there were no tires to be had. I was at the wheel, accompanied by Anne Courtney and a Japanese guard. In my pocket was \$100,000 Malayan, worth about half that amount in Canadian money. It represented most of our collective fortune but that wasn't something to worry about now. We were about to have something to eat besides buyaam soup.

How strange to be in the outside world again! In the busy marketplace, we bought hundreds of pounds of dried fish, over-ripe bananas, potatoes and sugar cane. For \$4,000, we were able to obtain a tin of powdered milk. Later, I thought what a splendid bargain it was as I watched Sheltie ladling spoonfuls of milk into her mouth, the first substantial food she was able to hold down for weeks.

This was to be the first of several shopping days. They helped in part to solve our food problem for a time. But unfortunately, the project had tragic consequences and it was only by the grace of God that I, myself, was spared the firing squad. This is what happened:

We had many loyal Chinese friends in Singapore from prewar days and it soon became known that on Thursdays we were in the marketplace. On the third expedition, I was walking toward a stall to examine some sugarcane when a beggar in rags held out his alms bowl and shouted at me, "Nah Nee! Nah Nee!" There was something familiar about his face so I looked at him carefully, without attracting the attention of the Japanese guard who was only a few steps away. I almost gasped aloud. It was Seong! Seong was an old friend, a wealthy Chinese merchant in his sixties, who had managed to smuggle a few encouraging notes into Changi Jail. As I went by him, staring straight ahead, he slipped something into my pocket and whispered, "Buy the pumpkins in stall 38." I acknowledged his presence with a wink, shouted at him, "Hut jao! Get out of my way," and quickly moved on.

After much haggling, to avoid suspicion, I bought fifty pumpkins at stall 38. I was wild with excitement as I drove home. What did the pumpkins contain? I prayed to myself. "Dear God, throw a steel net over the pumpkins so none of them will roll off the truck and split open."

Back at camp, I had the pumpkins carefully unloaded and placed in a far corner of the dungeon. I was far too excited at the time to open them. But in the mean-

time, I must find out what Seong had slipped into my pocket. I went to the latrine, the only place I could find privacy, and pulled the package out of my pocket. It was a roll of money containing \$30,000 neatly tied together with black string.

I was bursting to tell someone about the money but my better judgment prevailed. Our Chinese friends had risked their lives to help us. The fewer people who knew, the safer the secret. From our observations in camp, we knew that the Japanese would go to any lengths to extract information. I must also keep to myself the secret of the pumpkins, which I discovered next morning. Alone, in the dungeon, I opened the pumpkins and found them packed tightly with large denomination bills. Seong must have given us at least \$5 million! Here we were locked up in Changi Jail and multi-millionaires! I carefully emptied the money into an old sack and threw it into a corner of the dungeon. I walked out in the courtyard in search

PARADE

Flushed with success

Who says Russian kids are any smarter at science than ours? We've just received news of an exciting piece of original research in hydrodynamics carried out by a three-year-old in LaSalle, Que., in which he demonstrated beyond doubt that a brand-new, expensive roll-around vacuum cleaner has all the suction necessary to drain a toilet bowl in nothing flat. To prove it he has a sore seat, and the vacuum has a new motor.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's.

of Knobbsy, who was my pillar of strength. "Where will it all end?" I asked. "Please pray for me."

Lest our captors suspect our landfall, we continued to buy modestly on shopping days. I bought two hens. The eggs were given to the sick and dying; we ate the shells for calcium. We were able to buy a large quantity of weevil-infested dog biscuits, an unexpectedly rich source of protein. I came across a single tin of New Brunswick sardines. A thousand fingers were dipped into it, thus allowing everyone to at least get a taste.

One day I was unexpectedly summoned to the little white circle in front of the commandant's desk. From the questions, it soon became evident that the Japanese had found out something about the activities of our friends Seong and his grandson. The latter was a handsome youth of seventeen, well known for his wide knowledge of Malayan music and his mastery of the vena, a large stringed instrument. The intent of the questioning, evidently, was to wear me down and make me confess my relationship to the Seongs. The consistent theme of all the interrogations was music.

"Do you like Malayan music?"

"I don't understand it. I haven't the ear for it."

"Do you like music?"

"Generally—yes."

"Did you ever study music?"

"Yes. As a girl on Manitoulin Island. I had a wonderful teacher named Mabel Collins and she taught me how to play the organ."

"Have you traveled in Canada?"

"Yes. I've been out west in the prairie provinces."

"Did you hear cowboy music?"

"Yes, but you can hear it anywhere in Canada. They're especially fond of it in the eastern provinces."

"You said you were born and raised on an island in Canada. What kind of island was it?"

I recalled the beauties of Manitoulin for him. I told him how my grandfather used to take me to a grassy clearing in the middle of the forest and tell me that this was the dwelling place of the fairies. "Did you hear fairy music?" asked my interrogator.

I was questioned no fewer than thirty times, at all hours of the night and day. The longest interrogation lasted fourteen hours, with a fresh team of questioners coming on duty every hour. Music . . . music . . . music. In time, every mention of the word made me recoil as though I was being struck on the head by a trip-hammer. I was not permitted to move. I was suffering with dysentery at the time and soon the floor in the white circle was covered with blood. I refused to complain or ask for favors. To buck me up, I visualized a small Canadian ensign flying proudly on my shoulder. "If I fall, all Canada falls," I would tell myself. Dismissed, I staggered outside into an alleyway, vomiting foam and my whole body quivering. But I experienced a sense of exhilaration, deep inside me. I had told them nothing.

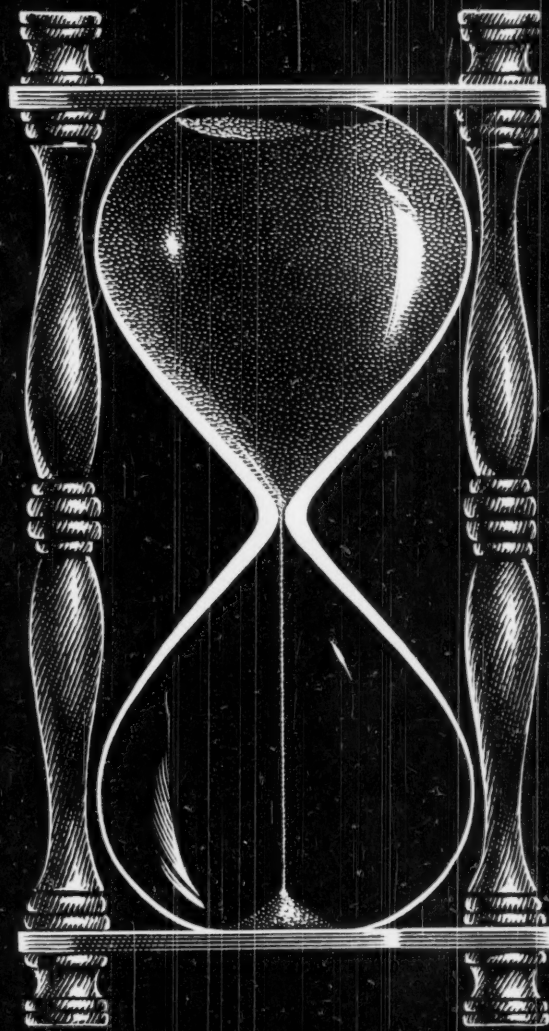
Perhaps that's why my captors decided on more vigorous measures. Not long after, I was led to a dentist's chair in a deserted section of the camp and told to sit in it. Two sloppily dressed soldiers, one short and one tall, were busily engaged laying out dental instruments. "Do you like going to the dentist?" the tall one asked me. "No," I replied, "and there's nothing wrong with my teeth." His face reddened. "Open your mouth. We think you need some dental work."

I was mystified. I hadn't complained about my teeth. I realized what had happened. All my life I have been terrified of dentists, a fact I had frequently mentioned to my fellow prisoners. A Japanese "car" — and there were several of them planted among us — had passed on this useful piece of information to the commandant's office.

The tall man clamped his forceps on my lower left wisdom tooth. Part of my gum was included in his grip. He pulled at it. From his gauche movements, it was obvious that he wasn't a trained dentist. The pain was excruciating and blood from the gum dribbled down the front of my dress. He repeated the same operation on my lower right wisdom tooth. "Your teeth are in pretty solid," he said. "We'll have to try something else."

The short man handed him a blunt chisel and a small hammer. With a single hard tap, he splintered the tooth and then toyed with the nerves with a probe. From head to toes, my body was pulsating with pain. It was then I implored God to hold back my tears. I wanted to rob my tormentors of the satisfaction of seeing me suffer. I didn't cry that day or for five years after. Suddenly, I felt a massive shock in the middle of my back. My knees shot up, hitting my head and I lost consciousness. When I came to, the short man asked me, smilingly, "Why did your knees go up that way?" I looked behind me and there was a man with a small electrical instrument that resembled a small soldering iron. It had been placed on my spine. He was to shock me three times that afternoon. Each time, I knocked myself out.

I was in the dentist's chair for seven hours, while the two men removed the two teeth, splinter by splinter. When the job



one of a series
of messages
designed to
remind Canadians
of important
economic facts

take 3 minutes for an important unpleasant thought

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was finished, the tall man said, "We have just one question to ask you before you go. Do you like Malayan music?"

With our shopping expeditions forbidden, I lost all contact with the Seongs. Then, some months later, when we were moved to a nearby prison on Sime Road, young Seong re-established contact by throwing a stone over the wire fence with a note attached. He asked me to meet him at a certain place along the fence the following Thursday night, providing the moon and stars were blacked out by clouds. I sneaked out of my bunk and crawled carefully on my stomach to the meeting place. There was Seong on the other side of the fence, giving me news of the war and presenting me with a chunk of gulamalacca — a thick rubbery sugar. There were to be several such meetings. Then one night, he said, "Tonight I'm in a hurry. They caught me. I'm to be shot at daybreak. I came to say goodbye. A friend is standing in for me."

"No..." I mumbled in disbelief.

"Yes. That's the way it is." I carefully reached through the fence, avoiding the electrified wires and cupped his face in my hands. I couldn't speak. A few seconds later my hands were empty and Seong was gone. I struggled back to my bunk and lay awake cursing and praying in the darkness. "Dear God, hold back the light. Let there be darkness. Send up dust and blot out the sun. Save this boy, please God." A glimmer of light appeared on the horizon and a few minutes later some guns cracked in the distance. Seong was gone. Dear, wonderful, courageous, uncomplaining Seong who gave his life for his friends in the Changi Jail.

Living without men was not an easy adjustment to make in Changi Jail. Debilitated by the lack of food and depressed by the environment, after a few months of prison life the women suffered with what we called "the Changi menopause"—they ceased having their regular monthly periods. What made the situation particularly frustrating was that many of the women were separated from their husbands and sweethearts only by the high wall between the two jails. We made various attempts to establish contact. The first was by throwing notes attached to stones over the wall. This ended when the Japanese redoubled their vigilance and meted out a hundred lashes to the stone-throwers. Billie, a beautiful eighteen-year-old Anglo-Indian girl with long black hair, worked out her own system of keeping in touch with her sweetheart Danny. Promptly at six each evening, she would stand in a certain position in the courtyard and sing Danny Boy in a loud clear voice. Danny, by peering through a certain cell window about two hundred yards away, could see and hear her.

But the problem of contact between men and women was not solved until, by a stroke of good fortune, we were able to organize the Drain Talkers Club. This came about by the discovery of a manhole cover in the ground about six feet from the wall that separated the two prisons. An enquiry revealed that there was a similar cover on the men's side and that they both opened into a common drain. Furthermore, we found that two people could converse audibly, despite the foul odor and the gurgling of the water every time a toilet was flushed in the prison.

We carefully organized drain-talking sessions. A list of women's names was drawn up and a copy of it was smuggled into the men's jail, so that their husbands and sweethearts would stand by. Promptly at nine, armed with sticks, eight of us would remove the huge iron cover. A chain of sentries was unobtrusively stationed at all approaches to the drain with instructions to cough if a Japanese guard

approached. Talker No. 1 would now be lowered into the drain, with a woman hanging on to each of her legs. For the next three minutes, through the foul drain that carried all the jail's excrement, would flow the sweetest words of love and affection and loyalty. Sometimes, the drain talkers would hold a long stick in their hands and thus, vicariously, establish some kind of physical contact with their partners. The drain-talking, which the Japanese never discovered, was one of our greatest morale boosters. It assuaged our loneliness; it kindled our desire to keep living.

Our children were the cause of constant concern. We had little authority over them because the Japanese forbade us to discipline them. They were young savages. Their games were solely concerned with murder, hangings, shootings and stacking bodies. They had an old red sweater, used to represent a pool of blood, and this was an essential prop in every game they

PARADE

Town or gown bird?

After four years' work and \$2 million expenditure, the Ontario government finally got its pioneer community, Upper Canada Village, near Morrisburg, ready for its grand opening. Every possible detail in the 40 buildings and 65 acres had to be just as it would have



been 100 years ago, and up to 12 days before deadline Village authorities were still gamely trying to locate one missing item with this ad in the Toronto Star: "Parrot wanted for Upper Canada Village — opening June 24. Please specify whether more suited to pastor's house or tavern."

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played. We had to keep sticks out of their hands, lest they seriously injure one another. Once, I came across a child hanging by a rope around his neck. His face was black. Fortunately, we were able to cut him down before he died. His playmates pummeled us with their fists. One eight-year-old shouted, "You've spoiled it all. We were just waiting to see the death kick."

To keep the children occupied, we organized the Changi School. At one time, we had as many as sixty pupils. It was a difficult school to keep running. Malnourished and restless, the children couldn't sit still or concentrate for more than a few minutes at a time. Our materials were few and primitive. We had a hymnbook, a few bibles, the 1928 volume of National Geographic and my copy of Dutchy van Deal. We supplemented this with an assortment of box labels that contained words and pictures. For writing paper, we cut the borders off old newspapers. Later, we were able to get a small number of real textbooks. Throughout all our teachings we tried to impress on the children that there was a world far different from Changi. It was a world where people didn't kill, where families lived together and where there was enough to eat. We collected together the few dishes we had and a tablecloth and showed them what a properly set table looked like, and how

people used a fork, knife and spoon. They were obviously quite skeptical of the whole thing, particularly the very young ones. I often wonder what has happened to the children of Changi Jail.

Perhaps the school helped us more than it did the children because it kept us busy. Idleness and purposelessness, when combined with starvation, can all but extinguish the will to live. We realized this in Changi and set about inventing as many time-consuming activities as possible.

At one time, I found a small crack in the three-foot-thick concrete wall of my cell. I began picking away at it with my finger. A year later, I was able to see daylight through it. I felt, somehow, that I had won a great victory over our captors.

Some of our group activities, like the boxing matches, were ridiculous. We would match up pairs of young women. In preparation, we constructed a ring, appointed referees, timers, seconds and trainers. We then carefully made arm and leg muscles for the contestants out of bits of canvas, padded with coconut fibres. We had fashion shows, where the "models" paraded down runways to the accompaniment of two broken-down harmonicas. We conducted a weekly swap shop, where a committee assigned a value to each item and the women could trade back and forth. A spoon was worth \$50, a cup \$100, part of a spool of thread \$200. A worn pair of shoes was worth \$25; if the shoes matched, \$50. Once, every woman cut a few inches of material off her dress and we had enough goods to make five patch quilts. On other occasions, we would hold imaginary tea parties. For two hours, we set a non-existent table and passed non-existent food back and forth.

With Easter approaching one year, I recalled the inspiring sunrise services I had attended in various parts of the world. I suggested that perhaps we could conduct one. "But will the Japanese let us?" was the immediate question. I decided to petition the commandant.

"What form would this service take?" he asked.

I explained that we would file out of our cells just before daybreak and line up in Courtyard One. Just as the first rays of the sun appeared, we would start singing the hymn, "Low in the grave He lay — up from the grave He rose."

"Why do you want to do this?" he asked.

"Because Christ rose from the dead on Easter morning. Not even death could hold Him captive."

It took another dozen interviews to get permission. We started our preparations two weeks before Easter. We practised singing, filing out into the courtyard, the massing formation—all timed to the split second. The word spread to the men's jail. They worked out a system whereby each of them had a two-second turn at the cell windows from which our service could be seen.

We were up at three on Easter morning. There was only one guard posted on duty, a man named Ichihara, and he was unarmed. That was the only time in Changi a guard appeared without a gun. We filed out just as rehearsed. Faces appeared from the cell windows of the men's side. At the first sign of light, our choir leader brought down her baton and the singing started. It ended with the victorious line, "Hallelujah! Christ arose!" A great peace lay over the vermin-infested prison.

I was the last person to leave the courtyard. As I was about to step into the passageway, Ichihara furtively looked about him and then handed me a little orchid, with the roots attached. "Christ *did* arise," he whispered, and turned on his heel and hurriedly walked away. We hadn't known

it but he was a Christian and had taken this great risk to express his feelings. This orchid was to bloom for months and was given an honored place in our Silence Hut.

The erection of the Silence Hut was perhaps our greatest single achievement. I conceived of a building that would serve as an oasis of cleanliness and serenity amid the crowded and noisy prison. In the course of some thirty visits to the commandant, I explained what we wanted to do and why. I told him that we intended to build a hut with our own hands. We wanted nothing from him. I knew we could do this because Dennis and I had built a similar hut on our own island before the war. Perhaps through curiosity, the commandant agreed, and gangs of men were sent into the jungle to fetch us bamboo and coconut trees of various sizes and shapes.

Each morning I organized three shifts of sixty women, which meant that 180 people were at work every day. To establish the atmosphere of our new project, we toiled in absolute silence. We started by digging 3½-foot holes into which we placed the main supporting poles. We then erected the skeleton of the building—the uprights for the walls and the crossbeams for the roof. Using the leafy parts of the trees, softened by being soaked in water, we wove them into a fabric as covering for the roof and sides. Our thread was coconut fibre and our needles were whittled out of the soft wood of the neem tree. At the end of six months, we had completed our Silence Hut, complete with a fence around it.

The rule of absolute silence was strictly enforced. Each woman, by turn, had the privilege of reserving a tiny cubicle for a day. Here, she could enjoy the unbelievable luxury of spending hour after hour in quietness, thinking, reading or sleeping. It was a great morale builder. I have stayed in some of the finest hotels in the world but I can't recall a room that has given me a greater feeling of luxury than the cubicles of the Changi Silence Hut.

We sorely needed whatever comfort we could derive from the Silence Hut. We were rapidly becoming weaker, thinner and more ragged. With the tide of war turning against them, the Japanese became more inhuman. For a minor infraction of the rules, two of our women were condemned to spend two weeks in a small cell with six male prisoners. In the interrogation office, I myself was forced to witness the flogging of a man who refused to divulge certain information. They lashed him with a bullwhip until his body was a mass of wounds. "This is your last chance to talk," they told him. When he remained silent, they scored his tongue with a knife, stuffed his mouth with salt and sewed his lips closed with steel wire. He died the following day.

My greatest personal agony in Changi Jail occurred in the months just before the liberation. For reasons that are still unclear to me, I was placed in solitary confinement for 120 days. The only light that pierced my bare, silent cell came from a barred window beyond my reach. The only human being I saw was the silent guard who brought me my daily ration of buyaam soup and water. My only possessions were the green kimono I wore, my father's little red Bible, and the stub of a pencil.

I was determined to emerge from this fresh horror alive. I told myself, over and over again, that I hadn't survived the hell of the past three and a half years, to die, ignominiously, alone. I realized, from the start, that I must keep my body active. I worked out a routine of life. Ten times a day, I would walk around my small cell, thirty or forty times, and then sit down and massage my muscles. Sometimes, I would attempt push-ups, but I was strong

enough to do only two or three at most.

I set various tasks for myself and made them last as long as possible. With a sliver of wood obtained from the cell door, I meticulously cleaned my nails. Then I would spend hours pulling the hairs from my legs, one by one. In my mind's eye, I converted my stark cell into a luxurious apartment. The corner where I ate my buyaam soup was the dining room; where I cleaned my nails was the bathroom; where I stretched and relaxed was the living room.

The only living company I had were five

huge ants and two spiders. I would lie on the floor, my head on my hands, and talk and sing to the ants. As for the spiders, I named the larger and healthier one Churchill and the other one Tojo. Bursting with bitterness toward the Japanese, I was determined that Churchill must vanquish Tojo. I deliberately set about stirring up rivalry between the two insects. I fished a speck of rat meat out of the buyaam soup, put it on the end of a sliver of wood, and held it between Churchill and Tojo, but closer to Churchill. Angered by the prospect of losing the food, Tojo would sav-

agely attack Churchill. At that point, I'd pull them apart. After separating them a dozen times, I allowed them to embrace in a deadly struggle. Churchill was easily the winner. When the fight was over, I bade goodbye to Churchill and gulped down the remains of Tojo, followed by the sliver of rat meat.

At one period, during my solitary confinement, my food was abruptly discontinued. After two days, I knew I was starving to death. In desperation, I bit off pieces of the wooden cell door, chewed them into pulp, and swallowed the unappetizing

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mass. To distract myself, I thought of the fresh and fragrant trees of Manitoulin Island and the men who logged them. But still my hunger was unappeased. The only edible things left in the cell were my friends, the ants. "I hope you'll understand," I told them. "If there's no food by tomorrow morning, I must eat you." Miraculously, the next morning, the guard brought me some buyaam soup.

During solitary, nourishing my mind was as difficult a task as nourishing my body. I began memorizing the Bible. With the stub of my pencil, I made notes and drawings on the margins of my Bible, recalling my past life. The time, on Manitoulin, I walked in my sleep and woke up under the bed of a preacher who was visiting us. . . . The poplar tree, high on a cliff, where my sister and I inscribed my brother's name, and swore to be good to him and love him forever. . . . Memories of

my friend and teacher at McGill, Stephen Leacock. While attending a lecture, I turned to the woman beside me and said, "Look at his tattered gown. He's sure a mess today, isn't he?" She nodded her assent. Later, I discovered that the woman I had spoken to was his wife. The time my husband was away from home in India and I buried my own infant. . . . Our second honeymoon in Kashmir, on a houseboat, surrounded by flowerboxes of geraniums. . . . And so on.

On the 120th day of my solitary confinement I doggedly continued my exercises, cleaned my nails, made entries in the margins of my Bible. I knew that if I broke my routine I would die. Then, suddenly, at four o'clock, the Japanese guard threw open the door and said, "You are free!"

Stunned, I cautiously staggered along the corridor and looked out the door. I beheld a strange and unbelievable sight:

the camp was ringed with clean, fresh-looking Allied troops! In the deep and dark silence of my cell we had been liberated without my being aware of it.

Our troops, led by a brass band, came marching in and drew up at the flagpole. The Union Jack was raised. There were tears trickling down the cheeks of one of the bandmen.

Later, I said to him, "Why were you crying?"

He pointed to us. "Look at you," he said. "It's like entering the Valley of Death."

"Cheer up," I said. "I'm feeling pretty good."

And I was. Like most of the prisoners who had entered Changi Jail after the fall of Singapore, I had survived. And I knew that, whatever the future held, I would never again suffer anything as hellish as those 1,294 terrible days. ★

WHISKY VALLEY *continued from page 19*

In 1973 Glenlivet Scotch made yesterday will be ready. Few will drink it

Scotch and what's the difference anyway? George Barkes, of Glenfiddich, choked on his drink but Archie Scott, of the Distillers' Company Limited, said with hardly a quaver that rye is a fine drink — for those who like it. The difference? Well, of course, rye is made from rye, not barley, by the patent-still method. . . . No peat smoke. And, alas, the Spey water runs only from the Monadhliath Mountains to the Moray Firth. I mentioned that when Earl Alexander of Tunis was governor-general of Canada he helped start a mild vogue for Irish whisky. Well, the Irish have the peat all right but they use "a wider range of cereals", they distill three times and, usually, don't blend. Someone asked me if I had ever tried bourbon. I said "yes," faintly. George Barkes said: "They make it from corn." There was a minute's silence in the bar.

Charlestown of Aberlour stands at the centre of a triangle formed by the tiny stone towns of Rothes, Dufftown and Ballindalloch. This is the heart of the Strathspey, Scotland's whisky valley. All but a dozen of the malt distilleries are on the Spey, or on the burns that flow into it. Dufftown alone has seven. Here, the real Scotch is a way of life. It is history, weaving in and out of the tragedy of the Jacobite rebellion and, further back, to the mists of time — as the romanticists would have it. It plays a serious role in Celtic nationalism. "Freedom and whisky gang taegither," wrote Robert Burns nearly two hundred years ago.

In the written record, the earliest reference is in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls for 1494 when a certain Friar Cor received some barley "wherewith to make aquavitae." The Latin term for "water of life" was widely used as synonymous with the Gaelic "uisge beatha."

The Scottish defeat at Culloden in 1746 opened the Highlands to the English tax-gatherers, and by 1784 the tax on Scotch was four shillings a gallon. The Highlanders greeted the English tax with open defiance.

In the early nineteenth century, the excisemen — known then and now as "gaugers" — went in armed groups into the glens. Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, the liveliest historian of Scotch, says there were more than two hundred illicit stills in the Tormintoul area alone. "The smugglers, sturdy, determined and embittered by injustice, loaded their whisky on hill ponies and led them by secret tracks across the mountains to the rich markets of the Lowlands."

The Duke of Gordon started Scotch

on the road to respectability 140 years ago when he told the House of Lords that nothing would stop the Highlander from making his malt. He suggested that if the government would license stills and cut the duty, he and the other major Scottish landowners would try to curb the smuggling. His advice was taken. The duty was halved and a £10 license fee established for stills holding forty gallons or more.

Even so, for a dozen years diehard moonshiners fought the gaugers.

The whisky outlaws menaced any distiller who took out the English license. One of their pet hates was George Smith, of Glenlivet. The pure water of the Livet, nearby peat, handy barley fields and difficult access had long made the glen of the Livet a stronghold of illicit distilling. Encouraged by the Duke of Gordon, Smith built a new distillery and took out the

by hyphen to their own brand names. Half a dozen still do so.

On a sunny hillside in the glen today, close to the original site, sixteen bonded warehouses hold one and a half million gallons of The Glenlivet — every drop of it spoken for. Less than five percent will eventually be bottled as a single malt; the rest goes as premium "fillings" to the blenders. In 1973 the casks holding the whisky made yesterday will roll out into the sunshine for the first time. I asked Robert Arthur, the Aberdonian manager, if he was sure Scotch would still be popular more than a decade hence. He grinned broadly. The idea, obviously, had never occurred to him.

Three or four years before the Smiths decided to go straight, another Scot called John Walker put his meagre savings into a grocery business on King Street in Kilmarnock. On the side, he blended and sold a small quantity of the whiskies that filtered down to the Lowland textile town. This was the humble beginning of one of the great names in whisky.

By chance, eating roast pheasant at the Gordon Arms Hotel in the Speyside village of Fochabers, I met Stewart Paton, a 62-year-old great-grandson of the original Johnnie Walker. Until that moment, I could easily have been persuaded that the sprightly gent in the red jacket was simply an adman's dream.

I would have been half right, at that. The huge and shaggy Paton — he's six-six in his Shetland socks — told me that the "born 1820" slogan and the famous unchanging ad weren't created until 1908. The dour old licensed grocer of Kilmarnock must have spun in his grave at the jaunty likeness his grandsons — and artist Tom Brown — gave him.

In 1925, along with most of the other widely known blend brand names, Walker's merged into the huge Distillers' Company, which now controls sixty percent of all Scotch production and the lion's share of other forms of U.K. alcohol production. A competitor, Hiram Walker and Sons (Scotland) Ltd., is a wholly owned subsidiary of Hiram Walker-Goederham & Worts Ltd. of Canada. It owns six malt distilleries and the biggest grain distillery in Scotland. Tom Scott, the managing director of the Scottish Walker's, is also a director of the Canadian parent. This sometimes puts him in a cleft stick. The Scotch industry as a whole is in a deep hassle with the Canadian government and the provincial liquor boards. It claims that imported Scotch gets discriminatory treatment at the customs shed. The Scots also

SMALL BOY'S TOWEL

*There upon the rack it stands,
A thing untouched by human hands.*

F. G. KERNAN

first license in the district. His former friends now regarded him as the worst of blacklegs. He was abused in the street and at church; his whisky convoys were sometimes hijacked; his distillery was under constant threat of arson.

Smith wore two heavy pistols in his belt at all times. Once, in an inn at Cock Bridge, Smith noticed a group of brawny fellows eyeing him intently. He slowly drew a pistol, shattered the top divot of peat on the fire with one shot, and was left in peace.

The head start George Smith won helped him build a reputation for his malt whisky that it has never lost. Alone among liquors today it is dignified with the article "the." A bottle of The Glenlivet, a single malt, matured twelve years in sherry casks, is a rarity. When its fame began to spread, other distilleries began to cash in on the name until the short Livet was known sarcastically as the longest glen in Scotland.

John Gordon Smith, a lawyer son of the founder, took the matter to court and won half a victory. His whisky alone could be labeled The Glenlivet; all others could, at best, connect the magic word

claim that the most important of the provincial liquor boards in Canada—Ontario and Quebec, anyway—add a greater profit markup on Scotch than on Canadian whisky, resulting in Scotch drinkers having to pay an average of seventy cents more for a bottle. Whatever the reason, sales of Scotch in Canada fell by more than 100,000 proof gallons during the five years from 1955 to 1960.

But Scotch production has almost quadrupled, in all, compared with prewar years, although several distillers think it's time to take rein. Britons now drink only a quarter of the Scotch drunk in the world compared with two-thirds twenty years ago, probably because there's a duty of nearly \$30 a proof gallon (that's eight bottles at the normal 70 proof.)

In the bar of Stewart Paton's 244-year-old coaching inn at Fochabers, I watched the gillies clumping in when the fishing light failed on the nearby Spey. To a man, they ordered beer. I asked the gillies to have a nip. Did they all call for The Glenlivet—an extra six-pence a measure? No. They all called for blends—the Scotches that line the mirror behind any Canadian bar.

What happens, then, to the "real Scotch," the output of the ninety-two malt distilleries? What kind of men make it, and what kind of men drink it? Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart—he's now 73—has been a lifelong devotee of the malt. "I drink it whenever I can find it. But I realize it is the nectar of the young and the strong, that it goes best with long tramps over hill and moor, and that it is ill-suited to the man who sits all day on an office-stool." How does he take his malt? He quotes an ancient Highlander saying: "There are two things a Highlander likes naked, and one is malt whisky." If water is thought necessary, he suggests it as a chaser.

George Barks, mayor of Duftown and manager of the famed Grant distilleries in that serene little town, is perhaps the best storyteller in whisky valley. His favorite concerns a certain old distiller who would have no truck with newfangled machinery. His incoming barley was hauled up to the storage loft, one bag at a time, by a simple rope-and-wheel arrangement. The carter fastened the hempen rope around a bag, two men up in the loft took the strain, then walked across the loft floor pulling the rope. One day, the old rope broke. The bag that was being raised plummeted down, breaking the back of the hapless carter below. Death by misadventure was the verdict at the inquest; it was suggested that the distiller should use a wire rope in future. "Never!" shouted the purpling Highlander. "It would change the character of my whisky."

Ted Allan, the 38-year-old manager of Benrinnes, is typical of the modern jet-age distiller. While bowing to no one in the character of his spirit, he welcomes expert advice and keeps his floors scrubbed. Allan's father was a malt distiller; two of his brothers manage distilleries for the Distillers' Company.

Distillery men could easily be among the most tempted workmen on earth, but temptation is lessened at least by the system known as dramming: The men line up for a slug of new whisky with tin mugs. Curiously enough, today's whisky can taste better than, say, two-year-old stuff. Whisky is legally Scotch at three years; most connoisseurs insist that it's undrinkable under seven years; after fifteen, it's likely to be hopelessly woody unless it has been switched to fresh casks. Glen Grant, an uncolored malt, is sinfully good and sinfully expensive at twenty-one years. Scotch does not improve in the bottle.

For all its bloody history of clan warfare and harsh justice—"witches" were drowned in the Spey pools and the lairds

could hang a man from a tree—the Spey valley today is a scene of bucolic bliss. To a motorist dropping into it on the A9, after the bleak crossing of the Grampians, its serenity is almost startling. Fine Aberdeen Angus herds browse behind low stone walls; blackface sheep are piebald smudges against the mauve of the heather. The occasional golden eagle sweeps over the glens. Deer move proudly in the roadside pines.

About the only way you can get an argument going in all this contentment is by doubting a Highlander's ability to tell one

whisky from another. Even among bottle-a-day men, taste is a notorious liar. The blenders who at times mix portions of forty different malts with their bulk grain spirit trust only the nose. And even the experts can be fooled.

A favorite story in Grantown-on-Spey concerns a local doctor and a hotel proprietor who visited a nearby distillery and were invited by the manager to take their pick of a row of unlabeled bottles. The doctor chose one at random and was given a dram. The other man went carefully along the whole row, rubbing a little

whisky on his hands and taking prolonged sniffs. Between bottles he wiped his hands carefully with a linen handkerchief. Finally he made his choice.

The manager complimented him on his technique and guessed that he must be a good judge of malt whisky. "I ought to be, after all my experience," the veteran hotelier said, enjoying his drink. "But," the distiller said quietly, "the doctor here is a better judge. He's drinking my best fifteen-year-old. You've got some of the stuff I made up last night for the farmers' shoot." ★

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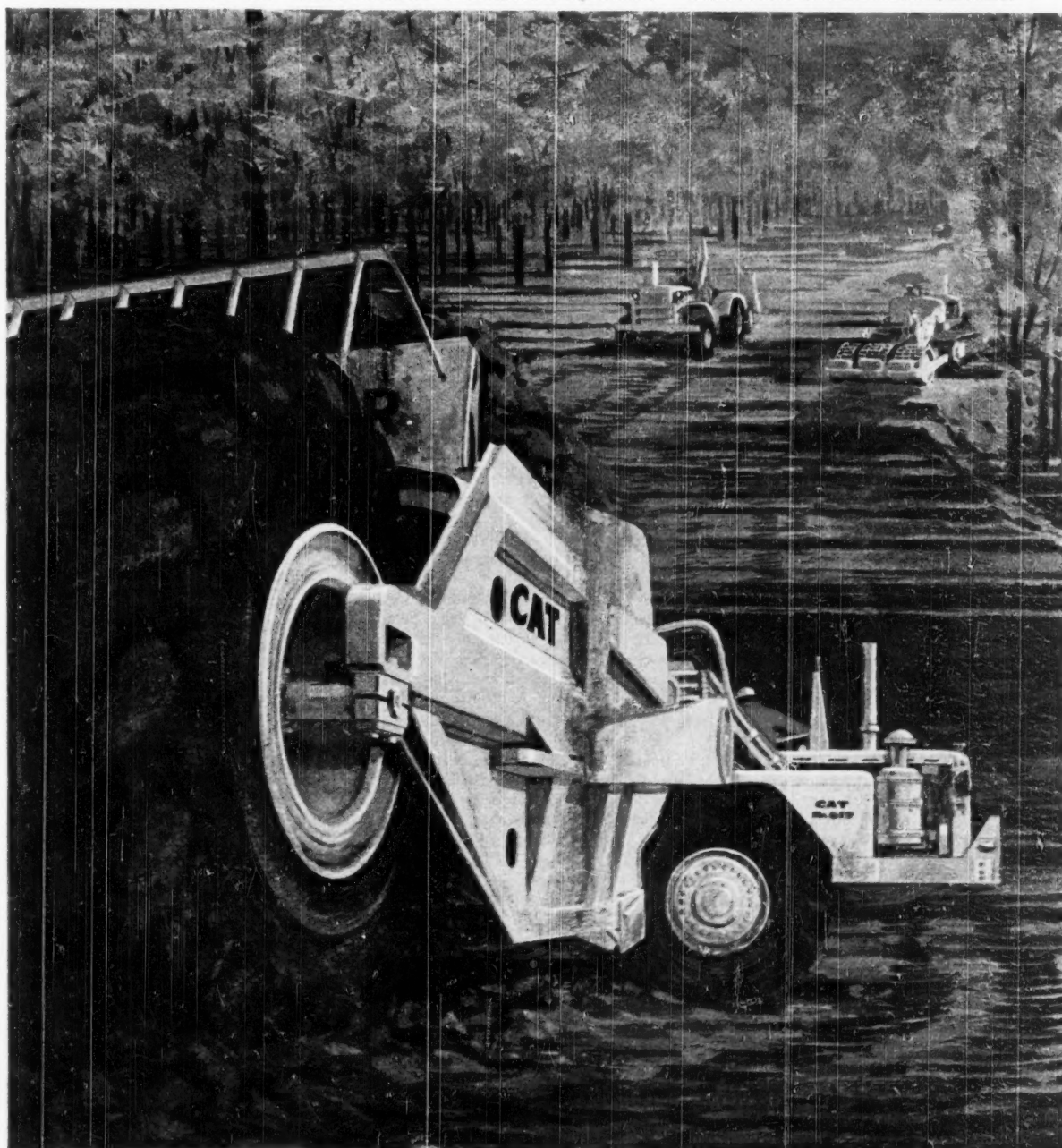
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upward-moving logic to the old outward-spreading masquerade.

Ten years ago, when builders first began to scent profits in postwar multiple dwellings, they put up one apartment unit for every five houses in urban centres. Last year three apartment units went up for every four houses. Today one Canadian family in six lives in an apartment. Within fifteen years the ratio will increase to one family in four. By 1980 a third of Canada's population will live in apartments in or around the major cities.

"Despite the magnitude of this trend," says Donald Kirkup, of the Toronto Real Estate Board, "the apartment dweller is still regarded in Canada as a second-class citizen."

Such a regrettable reputation must arise from the character of the apartments that were erected in Canada in the early Fifties, when the housing shortage was still acute. Seeking to make a fast buck, the landlords constructed blocks of two- and three-story suburban walkups that looked like racing stables or prison farms. In lay-out these dwellings were suburban bungalows stacked one on top of the other and rented for between eighty and a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. They attracted people who yearned for a single-family dwelling but were not then in a position to find the down payment.

These families looked upon their dwellings as purely temporary abodes, as places in which to save up for a house in a nearby subdivision. Like most people with an obsession for personal property, they were careless of the property of others. They neglected stoves and refrigerators; ignored house rules about hanging out washing; permitted their children to chalk on walls and litter staircases with toys; drove their cars over the edges of lawns; built up effluent menageries of dogs, cats and birds; dressed at weekends like mimes in a harlequinade, and set no limits on the caperings and hollerings of their late-night parties. The result was precisely what the landlords deserved — the development of middle-class slums.

Now that the middle-class housing shortage is over, and down payments on suburban houses have sunk as low as eight hundred dollars, such landlords are having a hard time renting those early postwar apartments. In Toronto, apartments designed for genuine apartment dwellers have a vacancy rate of only five percent. But the suburban apartments that were thrown up in the early Fifties, for people who actually wanted houses, have a vacancy rate of up to fourteen percent. Scrambling to fill these empty rooms, the landlords will do anything but lower rents and admit the families of laborers. One Toronto landlord is throwing in free, with every long high-rent lease, a new European car.

Even in the newest multi-story, elevator-served modern block—the kind that is long overdue—the lingering lumpishness of landlords is still detectable. Foyers full of Scandinavian furniture, brummagem artware, potted rubber-plants, tropical fishponds and other ubiquitous gewgaws betray their susceptibility to the blandishments of interior decorators, landscape artists and other professed tastemakers. One magnificent apartment development in Toronto boasts a swan lake. Another landlord of an up-to-date block diverts attention from inadequate closet space by extras that include noise stationery, thermostatically controlled hot and cold water mixers, and, of all folksy things, that dated delight, a miniature golf course.

Such novelties, in my opinion, shriek of the vulgarian mind. Another frailty on the part of modern landlords is their tendency to overlook the no-pet rules. So far my landlord has resisted the temptation to take in potentially good tenants who refuse to part from their dogs. He also turns down bachelor groups, with the object of preserving quiet. Children under the age of twelve are not admitted either, a policy that happens to be suited to the architecture of the building, which is sixteen stories high.

I see no reason why children shouldn't live in apartments, if some provision is made against the danger of their plummeting down from balconies. I've lived in apartment blocks in London and Paris that were occupied by scores of families with children. The children refrained from playing in corridors or monkeying about with elevators. Most of the young mothers took the children out each day for regular periods of supervised play in nearby parks. The mothers had plenty of time for these daily outings, since in a modern apartment the housework can be done by any sensible energetic woman in an hour or so.

The children didn't seem to suffer as much as those I've seen in the suburbs who, once they've wearied of bikes, wagons and gun games, bawl at one another endlessly. Their mothers are so tied to washing machines, floor polishers, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, garbage disposal units and other enslaving implements that they have no time to teach the children to sing, to make conversation, to read, to play indoor games with little guests, and generally to prepare themselves for a well-mannered teenage life.

My twenty-two-year-old son has been brought up since the day he was born in the apartments of five major cities, in three countries, and, so far as I can see, he bears no scars of the Asphalt Jungle. He shares with my wife and me an apartment in the middle-rent bracket on a fifteenth floor. From the little I've seen of my fellow tenants they appear to be an attractive lot. But, thank goodness, there is no togetherness in our philosophy. None of them borrows cups of sugar or drops in for coffee. In the elevator I merely exchange nods with people whose faces are familiar. Even when pranksters broke in and set off the fire alarm, and gathered us

all together in night attire in the foyer at three o'clock in the morning, nobody made the occasion an excuse for chumming up; there is an unspoken agreement in our block to respect each other's privacy. How else do you imagine that some of Toronto's richest and most influential citizens can live peacefully in one modern block with tenants who've turned out to be gangsters?

One of my friends, who's a bit potty about interior decoration, asked recently: "But isn't there a horrible uniformity about apartments? Don't they all look the same inside?" I don't know. I've never been in a neighbor's apartment. It's none of my business, but I suspect that the interiors are a lot less alike than the interiors of typical homes in the suburbs.

Some visitors express amazement that I am content to accept the services of a breadman, milkman and a laundryman chosen by the landlord. They seem to think that this represents submission to a dictatorship. What nonsense! The policy is designed to limit the number of keys to the outer doors, and so discourage loiterers in the corridors. I don't care who brings the bread, milk, and laundry provided the service is satisfactory, and I appreciate the protection we get from door-to-door salesmen and wandering hot-gospelers.

It is true that if I bought a house I'd end up with some capital. Yet I've heard it argued most convincingly that by the time a house-owner has paid his interest, taxes and repairs, and faced his depreciation, he's no better off than an apartment dweller. For some, house-owning is merely a form of compulsory saving. I prefer to save in a less monotonous fashion.

Before I'm old and grey I hope to occupy a series of progressively more modern apartments. If my plans mature I'll spend my twilight years in an apartment suited precisely to the needs and finances of my dotage. And I have a feeling that I shall at least enjoy cleanliness, neatness and efficiency when many in my age group are tottering about the nooks and crannies of crumbling suburban homes with worn-out vacuum cleaners in their hands.

In other words I think that I shall still be leading a contemporary life while those who've struggled for twenty or thirty years to buy the house they occupy will be living like the poor old fogies used to live way back in the Fifties. ★



Continued from page 7

SAKE OF ARGUMENT

are so fearful of being different from other people that they harbor no deep convictions of any of the real and urgent issues.

The result is that while Khrushchov has a faith by which to direct his people, even though it may be a godless one, we who proclaim faith in God act as if he didn't exist, simply because we don't want to offend anyone. We need to be reminded that the prophets were stoned and the martyrs were burned at the stake, because they held convictions deeply and sincerely and were not timid about stating them.

If a man wants to be a Pentecostal, that's his business. He recognizes the Lordship of Christ, and he is surely therefore a brother to me, even though there are points of his approach to the Christian faith with which I disagree. If the Anglicans want bishops, that's their business. I don't agree with the system of episcopacy, but one of my great heroes is the late William Temple, onetime Archbishop of Canterbury.

Why do I have to belong to the same denomination to share his spiritual insights? On my study shelf are books written by Lutherans, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers and Methodists, and by representatives of every race. I don't need to belong to their denominations, nor do I need to change the color of my skin, to share their insights into truth.

The Church has been described as a winsome lady, seeking the hearts of men. But in my experience some men are attracted to some ladies, other men to others. What a dull world it would be if all women were identical! If some men prefer the dignity of sacerdotal worship and can come closer to a living experience of God in that way, may God bless them. If others prefer prophetic preaching and an emphasis on the authority and the relevance of the Word, publicly and powerfully proclaimed, then let them be inspired of the Holy Spirit to do it to the utmost of their ability.

I would hate to see any one of these traditions lost, or submerged, in an overall effort to make them more acceptable to more Christians. For there's a beauty, a validity, and a challenge to them all, which may be paradoxical but is true.

Deeply held conviction, linked with tolerance — this is the real source of unity within the Church today.

The World Council of Churches, which meets in New Delhi in November, will bring together delegates from 173 Christian denominations in many lands, with a combined following of 180 million people. They recognize their diversity of views, yet the theme of this world meeting of Christian people is "Jesus Christ, the Light of the World."

The agencies of the World Council of Churches, like those of the United Nations, co-operate closely in the alleviation of human suffering and the promotion of greater understanding: World Church Relief, and the Commission on International Affairs are two such agencies. There is also a high degree of co-operation on overseas mission fields.

This sort of federated relationship, far from dividing Christendom, will bring it together in a closer unity than would otherwise be possible.

I believe the critics of the Church, who malign us for our inability to get together, are barking at the wind. The churches are united as never before in their history, but in a unity that permits diversity of conviction and organization. Such a unity is much more challenging and durable, and more compatible with modern ideas of liberty than One Big Church would be. ★



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were phoning in bets. The magistrate ruled that the evidence was admissible even if the police had exceeded their authority, and that the Bill of Rights did not apply.

In a similar "test of evidence" case in Edmonton, defense counsel Abe Miller tried to invoke the Bill against the police, because they had based an impaired driving charge against his client on his inability to walk a straight line. He claimed that this was self-incrimination, an act specifically forbidden by the Bill, but Magistrate S. V. Legg decided that the Bill was inapplicable.

One case where the Bill of Rights did apply, but where its effect on the interest of the accused was somewhat ambiguous, took place at Summerside, Prince Edward Island, where fifteen-year-old Andrew Arsenault was being tried for the murder of a farmer at Abram's Village. Trials of juveniles are held in closed sessions, supposedly for their own protection, but Magistrate Chester Macdonald ruled that under the new bill, even juveniles "have a right" to public hearing.

Probably the most far-reaching test of the Bill of Rights is still in the B.C. courts. This case is concerned with the right of Indians to buy liquor. If the Bill's guarantee of equality regardless of race should be found applicable, this case could topple the whole antique structure of Indian liquor restrictions.

At least part of the courtroom confusion surrounding the Bill has been due to a widespread misunderstanding of what the Bill intends to accomplish. It is not designed to protect citizens from each other; its fundamental purpose is to protect Canadians from the power of the federal state.

The Bill of Rights declares that in Canada there have existed and shall continue to exist, without discrimination of any kind, rights of the individual to life, liberty, security of person and enjoyment of property, and the right not to be deprived of any of these things, except by due process of law. It also lists the freedoms of religion, speech, assembly, association and the press. The Bill's second section declares that all laws within the authority of the federal parliament should be interpreted in a way that will not permit arbitrary detention, cruel punishment, or unfair treatment. The most significant effect of the Bill is to provide a set of instructions to judges for interpreting federal laws in a way that will provide maximum protection to individual rights.

"Mr. Diefenbaker's Bill has sown seeds of good, the full effect of which has yet to ripen," says Saul Hayes, executive vice-president of the Canadian Jewish Congress. "It has already produced a certain amount of soul searching in the courts on the question of human rights."

It was because of the Bill's existence, in Hayes' opinion, that his organization managed to have a non-discrimination clause added during last spring's revision of the federal Civil Service Act.

"In our work," says Sid Blum, director of the Jewish Labor Committee, a national organization that concerns itself with the welfare of Jewish immigrant workers, "the Bill of Rights has become an effective moral force, and I expect it'll be even more helpful in the future." Blum cites the federal government's recent change in National Housing Act regulations, which refuses mortgage money to any builder for three years after he's convicted of practising discrimination in his completed projects.

Officials of other organizations, how-

ever, including the Jehovah's Witnesses, the Negro Citizenship Association and the Christian Science movement, declare that the Bill has not helped them in any tangible way.

To Prime Minister Diefenbaker himself, the passage of the Bill of Rights was a victory in an intensely felt personal battle. "I can speak on the subject of racial origin," the prime minister said during last year's debate on the Bill. "I know something of what it has meant in the past for some to regard those with names of other than British and French origin as not being that kind of Canadian that those of British or French origin could claim to be."

Although he is a third generation Canadian, Diefenbaker's German-sounding name caused him a great deal of embarrassment, especially during and immediately after World War I. As late as 1943, the Women's National Conservative Association at a Toronto meeting urged Diefenbaker to change his name to Baker. He refused, politely pointing out that his name really wasn't that difficult to pronounce. "It's Dief as in chief," he said, "followed by the sound of the letter n, and then baker."

During his seventeen years in the opposition benches, Diefenbaker repeatedly urged the government to adopt a Bill of Rights, and proposed several drafts. It finally became part of the law of the land at 11 p.m. August 10, 1960.

"The Bill may fool us"

Even before the Bill was given royal assent, it gained leave for appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada for Irene Rebrin, a Russian language teacher at the University of British Columbia, who had been ordered deported seven months previously by Ottawa. The Chinese-born lecturer's lawyer contended that the Bill of Rights had been contravened by application of the immigration laws. However, the Supreme Court dismissed the case, ruling that Miss Rebrin had not been deprived of liberty, except by due process of law. A similar judgment ended an appeal under the Bill for Mrs. Louie Yuet Sun, who was deported although she'd had a child while in Canada on a visitor's visa.

From these and other cases, it's obvious that it will take many years of legal precedent to place the Bill of Rights in proper perspective in Canada's legal code. Constitutional authorities differ about its value. W. R. Leder, in, the dean of the Queen's University law faculty, concluded that it was "well worth doing," whereas D. W. Mundell, professor of constitutional law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, says, "The Bill will not likely lead to any development of the law that would not have taken place without it. However, there are avoidable uncertainties in the Bill that will lead to a vast amount of litigation."

"The Bill of Rights may fool us into thinking we have achieved something real, when we have actually achieved little but a statement of aspirations and hopes," says Prof. F. R. Scott, dean of the McGill law faculty.

The main reason for the disagreement is that this bill is not like most other bills of rights. Normally, such measures are a charter of fundamental freedoms in the country's constitution, so that no future government can readily or furtively remove them. (Even this doesn't necessarily mean much; Russia and Cuba both have beautifully worded bills of rights.) By contrast, Diefenbaker's Bill is simply an act of parliament, in which parliament

exhorts itself to observe certain rights. There's nothing to prevent any future parliament from amending or even repealing the legislation. Moreover, the Bill includes no machinery to enforce the fundamental rights which it declares all Canadian citizens shall possess, and sets out no penalties for abrogating these rights.

Lawyers who support the Diefenbaker Bill insist, however, that it's the strongest measure that could have been passed without changing the Canadian constitution, the British North America Act. In fact if not in legal theory, this would require approval of all ten provincial governments—which is conceded to be virtually impossible at the moment.

It is not unanimously accepted as a certainty that the B.N.A. Act would have to be amended. No binding decisions have determined whether civil liberties are a field divided between the federal and the provincial authority, or whether civil liberties are wholly and solely a federal matter. Some judgments of the Supreme Court of Canada appear to support the latter view, and to build up a concept of "common law rights" immune from provincial interference.

The Supreme Court took its most important step in this direction when it threw out the Alberta Press Bill in 1938. The provincial Social Credit government had passed an act forcing newspaper reporters to disclose the sources of their stories and to publish statements issued by the government correcting previous articles. Supreme Court Chief Justice Sir Lyman Duff reasoned that because the BNA's preamble states we are to have a constitution similar in principle to that of the U.K., our legislative institutions must work "under the influence of public opinion." No provincial legislation could therefore abrogate freedom of the press. Quebec's Padlock Act, passed in 1937, allowed the attorney-general of Quebec to padlock any premises that he thought were being used for Communist purposes. The Act was similarly ruled invalid by the Supreme Court in 1957.

But the Court has not been able to defeat many questionable statutes that lie plainly within provincial jurisdiction. In a 1914 decision, the Supreme Court declared valid a Saskatchewan law prohibiting white girls from working in Chinese restaurants. The Supreme Court also upheld the federal order-in-council of 1945 which deported Japanese-Canadians and deprived them of their citizenship, despite the order's obvious interference with fundamental freedom.

In any event, the Bill of Rights itself is clearly based on the assumption that civil liberties are a divided field, falling partly under federal and partly under provincial jurisdiction. Section 5 of the Bill stipulates that its guarantees apply "only to matters coming within the legislative authority of the (federal) parliament of Canada." And since "property and civil rights" are specifically assigned to provincial authority by the BNA Act, it can be argued that almost any invasion of civil liberty is a provincial matter of which Ottawa washes its hands. When a restaurant refuses to serve a meal to a Negro, or (as happened in Calgary recently) an employee is fired for saying something favorable about Castro's Cuba, provincial, not federal laws apply.

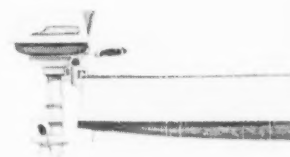
"The Bill of Rights seems to provide protection to all Canadians, just so long as they don't live in any of the provinces," a Toronto lawyer said recently.

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getting some of its own legislation to agree with the Bill. Two federal acts—on fisheries and narcotics control—had to be changed during the last session.

Mr. Justice Roger Brossard of the Montreal Superior Court cited the Bill of Rights when he halted a recent inquiry into income tax statements filed by René Lafleur, a Montreal industrialist. The Department of National Revenue had appointed a commissioner to look into Lafleur's income tax declarations but, following its usual practice, did not invite Lafleur himself to appear. The judge said this deprived Lafleur of a fair hearing, as stipulated by the Bill of Rights. His ruling challenges the longstanding method of federal tax investigators, and the case is expected to reach the Supreme Court of Canada eventually.

It's an open secret in Ottawa that the general revision of the Immigration Act, forecast in last year's throne speech, has been postponed because no one has yet been able to figure out how the legislation can retain its racially restrictive character, without contravening the high principles of the rights legislation.

"So far," says Justice Minister Davie Fulton, "no courts have used the Bill of Rights to strike down any existing statute, but it's far too early to say that none ever will."

The Bill of Rights makes no major change

in the federal statute which, by its very nature, contains the most sweeping encroachments on personal freedom — the War Measures Act. Passed in 1914 when Canada suddenly found herself at war, this act gives Ottawa dictatorial powers over the whole nation, including the powers of censorship, of summary deportation, and of imprisonment without trial. A. R. M. Lower, the distinguished Canadian historian, has called the War Measures Act "the most iniquitous piece of legislation ever to disgrace a British statute book." Most people and all governments accept the necessity of some abridgment of personal freedom in wartime, but Canada's parliament has undertaken a study to see if the War Measures Act can be made somewhat more compatible with the Bill of Rights.

Dr. Lower, who is no Tory, is one of those who believe that the Diefenbaker Bill of Rights is a good thing, a step in the right direction that should not be mocked or derided or made a target for partisan attack. "The Bill of Rights," he wrote recently, "represents the prime minister's long cherished convictions about civil liberties and the merely destructive criticism of which so much has been heard is not to the point. Good citizens, it seems to me, will shun party nonsense, accept the Bill gratefully, whatever its defects, and devote themselves to bettering it." ★



THE SAFE, CERTAIN BIRTH CONTROL METHOD

continued from page 12

"Vasectomy is wrong, in law and ethics"

of \$25 — if he asks for it. Some patients have paid Dr. Zed as little as \$10 (doctors in the U.S. charge from \$75 to \$150).

Advocates of vasectomy believe that the status of voluntary sterilization will be clarified only when a doctor is charged with some breach of law after performing one. Dr. Zed, for personal reasons not related to his medical practice, is not yet ready to lay his reputation and career on the line in a test case. But he expects to be prosecuted some day, and it is possible that his name will go down in medico-legal history as the defendant in what will probably be called "the Great Sterilization Case."

The official medical position, according to Dr. Arthur Kelly, general secretary of the CMA, is: "The only medical reason for sterilization is danger to life or health of the patient." (This means that if future pregnancy or childbirth would endanger a woman's life or health, then the operation must be performed not on the husband but the wife. Female sterilization is a far more complex and serious operation than vasectomy).

Dr. T. L. Fisher, of Ottawa, secretary of the Canadian Medical Protective Association, which undertakes the defense of doctors charged with medical offenses, says Canadian doctors are advised to refuse to sterilize without a reason. "And the only reason," he adds, "is preservation of life. Everything else is an excuse. A doctor has no right to deprive a person of a bodily function, including a sex function. Consent doesn't make any difference. A person has no right to say, 'For reasons of my own I want to lose a foot.' Sterilization for economic reasons is wrong, morally, ethically and in law."

Some legal and medico-legal authorities do not agree with the medical officials. John Desmond Morton, professor of criminal law at Toronto's Osgoode Hall law school, says: "A surgical operation is not a criminal offense and sterilization is not an assault; in a criminal action the consent of the patient would be a perfect de-

fense, and if necessary the doctor could go to court to collect his fee."

Glanville Williams, a British legal authority, lecturing at Columbia University declared that "human beings are usually the best judges of their own interest, and if they consent to 'damage' by surgery there is no reason why the law should protect them further."

Then he raised the significant point that a number of other forms of "social surgery" even less related to the preservation of life than is vasectomy are accepted by doctors as a matter of course—face lifting, ritual circumcision, skin grafting, and the removal of healthy teeth to improve the appearance of an overcrowded jaw.

There appear to be no court decisions on sterilization in Canada, Britain or the United States, with the exception of a ruling by the supreme court of Minnesota that there was nothing against public policy in a husband being sterilized for the sake of his wife's health. Many doctors in the United States (an estimated 900 U.S. doctors perform voluntary vasectomies) interpret "medical necessity," which sanctions the operation, as including physical and mental health and "well being."

Some Canadian insurance companies which issue medical and surgical policies apparently do not agree with the medical officials. In Ontario they pay for voluntary vasectomies on policy-holders at the rate of \$50 set by the Ontario Medical Association (for "medically necessary" sterilizations). "Possibly," said an official of the Parents' Information Bureau, "the insurance companies take the realistic view that it's cheaper to pay \$50 once than to risk several \$85 claims for childbirth."

The churches, too, take a varying view of "surgical birth control." The Roman Catholic church is firmly opposed.

For Jews, says Rabbi David Monson, of Toronto, "sterilization for birth control purposes would be going too far."

The majority of Protestant churches accept birth control in principle, although

few have dealt with sterilization specifically. However last year the General Council of the United Church, meeting in Edmonton, accepted a report by its commission on Christian marriage and divorce which approved of sterilization in the case of a man who may want to marry when suffering from a hereditary defect. Voluntary sterilization is also permitted in the case of a woman whose mental and physical health may be endangered by another pregnancy, if both husband and wife agree and the step is recommended by a doctor.

It is perhaps not surprising that Canadian doctors prefer to stay silent and inactive in the sterilization controversy. One result is that many Canadians who feel they have an urgent need for surgical birth control believe they can obtain it only by "bootlegging" it in from the U.S. One such case is a Toronto man who will be referred to as George Smith.

"I woke up early one Saturday morning," Smith says, "and was about to go back to sleep when I remembered it was an important day. I had an appointment that afternoon to be sterilized."

"I'd thought about it long and hard after reading about vasectomy. We had practiced birth control conscientiously after the first two children were born, but we had two more just the same. The sacrifices we had to make just weren't fair to us, or to the kids—and we wanted to start planning for the future."

"When the fourth baby was born my wife had an extremely difficult time and the state of her nerves had me worried. We figured we had at least twenty years left in which the chances of having more children were better than good. She asked her doctor to tie her tubes right then and there. He was sympathetic, and wanted to do it, but after consulting with some other doctors he told us it couldn't be done. After that, my wife was always tense and worried—she went through her days like a person trapped in quicksand."

"I decided to ask my own doctor about vasectomy. I had considered the possibility of remarrying for one reason or another and wanting more children, and the possibility of having my family wiped out in a disaster. But the chance of those things happening was remote compared with what was happening at the moment, and was likely to go on happening."

"The doctor said he'd never had a request like that before, but he thought it could be done without any trouble. The next time I saw him he said he had been mistaken. The operation, or any operation on a healthy person, he said, would be considered in law as an 'assault', even if I consented to it. But he gave me the

name of a doctor in the States who would do the operation.

"I called the American doctor, he agreed, and a few days later I received two forms to sign, one for me and one for my wife, saying that we consented to the operation and that we understood it would leave me permanently sterile."

"In spite of my intellectual approach to the whole thing, there is something disturbing about getting something done to yourself that you can't get undone, and the first time I saw the American doctor, I backed down. He said it was a good idea to talk it over first, and I returned home, still fertile, to think it over."

"Couple of weeks later, on a Saturday, I drove down to New York state for the real thing. The doctor injected a freezing drug and the area was completely without feeling within a few seconds. He made a small incision—I couldn't feel it—and pulled the tube out where he could get at it."

"That was the most uncomfortable part. The pulling gives you a momentary sick feeling. He told me he was cutting one inch of the tube out and putting a stitch in each of the cut ends. I watched him sew me up, then he went to work on the other side—cut, pull, cut, sew—the whole thing was over in about 15 minutes."

"He told me that after a while, the ends of the tubes move closer again, and sometimes an incredible thing happens. The little holes in the centre, which are so small you can hardly see them, find each other and grow together. When that happens—in about one case out of a hundred—the operation fails. I remembered that the consent form I signed said he didn't guarantee the operation."

"He advised me to get a sperm count every six weeks for six months. He said if the tubes haven't grown together six months after the operation, I could be sure it had succeeded. His fee was \$100."

"The next day there was some uncomfortable swelling and I was worried about some hard lumps that formed just under the incisions. On Monday, I went to see a specialist in my own city. He didn't mind looking after me after the operation, but he said he was making no record of my visit."

"He told me the lumps had formed through accumulation of secretion. But after a few days, with the help of some warm baths, the body would soon absorb them and the lumps would go away. They did. I lost one day of work."

"But one thing really had me worried. I wondered if I'd ever be the same again—I mean sexually. I had read that the operation has no effect whatever on a man's sex drive and that the only thing that changed was his ability to father children. My worries proved needless."

"Married life now is even more satisfying and pleasant than it's ever been, probably because my wife and I know we're off the hook of constant parenthood forever."

That is George Smith's story, and he seems happy with his vasectomy. Possibly in the long run he may suffer a twinge of regret at the very permanence of his sterility—although that factor had already been taken into account when he made his decision. However, now that vasectomy is being slowly accepted—despite the attitude of Canadian medical officialdom—research will undoubtedly lead to improved techniques and even make vasectomy a "reversible" operation. Already doctors at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City are experimenting in that direction. They are hoping to use clips to shut off the tubes, a technique which may allow the patient to decide to become fertile again if circumstances should make it desirable. ★



"I'll wait on the customers, Smith."

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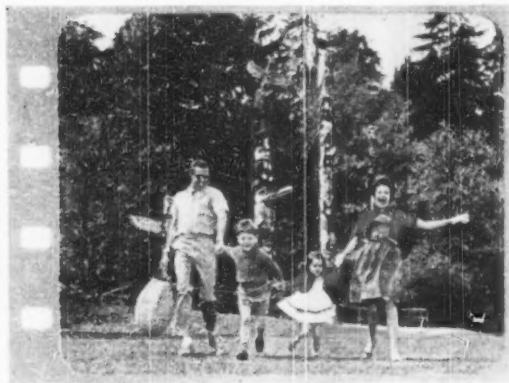


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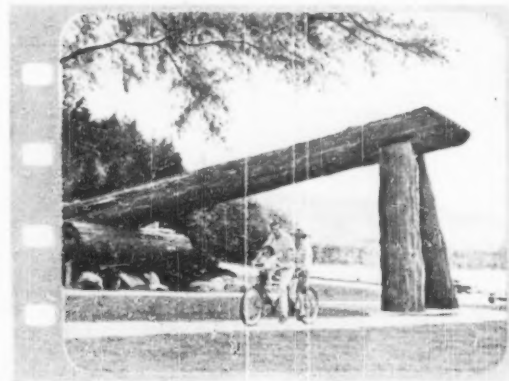
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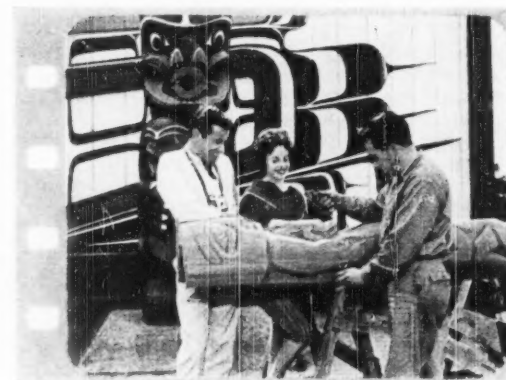
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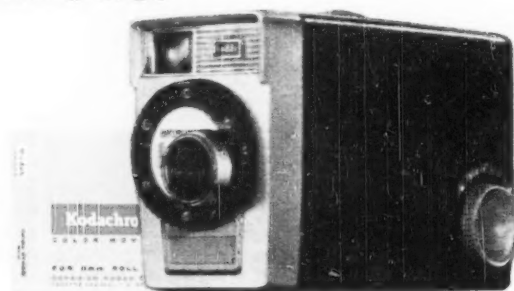
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BACKGROUND

Why some Eskimos with everything commit suicide

The 120 Netsilik Eskimos who live around the shore of Pelly Bay on the Arctic Ocean should be happy and well-adjusted. They have only one white man to contend with and he's a missionary. Their food, mostly Arctic char and seal, is plentiful and if it runs short they can always buy extra supplies on credit from a nearby Hudson's Bay store. Yet Asen Balikei, a Bulgarian-born anthropologist who studied the Netsilik in 1959 and 1960, discovered that over a period of 50 years 50 of the 210 Netsilik Eskimos tried to take their own lives and 35 have succeeded.

Balikei was sent to Pelly Bay by the National Museum in Ottawa to study Eskimos who were still following their traditional ways of life. He found them "awash with anxieties and hostilities," and became fascinated by their tendency toward suicide. He made a full study of the subject for the political science and economics association. It will be published later this year as part of a larger work.

In doing his report on the Netsilik, Balikei found he couldn't set down precisely the years when the suicides had taken place because the Eskimos had no real sense of time. But shortly after he arrived at Pelly Bay one Eskimo tried to kill himself. Shooting was the favorite method in 25 of the cases he studied, but 23 Eskimos tried to hang themselves with skin thongs and two chopped holes in the ice in order to drown themselves in the icy waters below.

Only four of the case histories involved old people who killed themselves because they could no longer hunt and were becoming a burden to their families. Six tried suicide as a solution to their marital problems and another 16 tried it because of illnesses they believed were incurable. But by far the greatest number, 20, tried to follow a relative who had died shortly before.

"The Eskimo's world revolves around his immediate circle of close relatives," Balikei says, "and when one of these dies, he has no substitute. His society is poorly integrated and group tensions and anxieties weaken it still further. The Eskimo who has lost one of his kin becomes detached from society, and, since society is the aim of life, he becomes detached from life itself." In one case an accidental hunting death immediately set off a chain reaction of three suicides — the victim's mother, his mother-in-law and the remorse-filled man who accidentally shot him during a caribou chase.

Balikei also suspects, but cannot prove, that some of the suicides were caused by primitive religion. All the Netsilik are Christian, but before their conversion they believed that a violent death ensured the peace of passage of the soul of the deceased to a place in a semi-paradise.

Balikei's strangest case history concerns Kaokortuk, whose wife objected to being traded occasionally for Adgoner's wife. Kaokortuk's wife didn't like the other woman's coming into her igloo. So she suggested that her husband commit suicide. Kaokortuk obediently shot himself.

"The other case histories," Balikei says, "indicate that among Eskimos there is a certain easiness about leaving this world."

FOOTNOTES

About ad surveys: They are now using, in Chicago at least, scientific devices like the psychogalvanic skin response test to see how people like television programs.

About bomb shelters: Who wants them? Who even cares about them? The Voice of Women polled its membership this spring and got back a total of 46 answers: 24 women said they wanted no part of shelters; 16 said shelters would be pretty well useless but admitted they'd accept one free; three (all in Ottawa) said

they'd pay for a shelter; three were indecisive. Most said shelters give a false sense of security; one said she wasn't going to buy a "crypt as an answer to my family's safety." One called the whole thing "damn nonsense." One VoW member in Edmonton called a Civil Defense instructor with some questions and was told, "If a 10-megaton bomb fell on Edmonton, lady, you could kiss the town goodbye." But she said on her questionnaire that she'd take a shelter if it was free. "I live in the suburbs," she explained.

About male dominance: Suburban wives accept it more readily than

city wives, according to a report recently published by two U.S. sociologists. Why? Because suburban wives are grateful for having a pleasant place to live.

About playgrounds: The Woodgreen Community Centre in Toronto has found an unusual way of creating them. Following an example set in Philadelphia, a truck from the centre moves onto a different neighborhood street four nights a week and volunteer workers set up roadblocks to keep out traffic. Then the volunteers distribute bowling games, skipping ropes and art supplies to the neighborhood children.

BACKTALK: who needs a purer, Frenchier French?

One aspect of the current renaissance of French-Canadian nationalism that has not been noticed widely outside French Canada is an attempt to "purify" the language. What's it all about? What started it? And how sensible is it? Here are some sprightly opinions on all three of those questions, written for Maclean's by a young Quebec City novelist, Lea Petrin, whose book *Tuez le Traducteur*, a spoof of the whole subject, recently won her the \$1,000 Grand Prix de l'Humour Canadien.

At the table next to mine in an uppertown Quebec City restaurant, a customer with the characteristic build of a Toronto woman extended her arm authoritatively and said to the waiter: "Garçon, bring me the *demi-tasse*." A moment later, a well-fed Quebec businessman snapped his fingers: "Walter, apportez-moi le bill. Mon char est perché depuis plus d'une heure. La police me collera un ticket."

I have long felt that one of the few things that French and English Canadians have in common is this bridge of words — words we borrow from one another's language. Yet now this bridge is in danger of being destroyed. It is being swept away by an agitated campaign covering all Quebec — a campaign for the purification of the French language.

One of the most important developments of the last session of the Quebec legislature was a speech by Georges Lapalme, minister of cultural affairs. Lapalme said the government intended to restore pure French through education. He touched a nerve centre. For, though French Canadians do not like to admit it except among themselves, our language is becoming steadily more Anglicized. Last year I was in Moncton, where only the intellectuals and the older generation speak French. In a department store I heard an Acadian woman demand to be waited on by a

French-speaking clerk. When the clerk arrived the woman said: "Je voudrais voir vos *stepladders*, s'il vous plaît." In a gas station, if you ask the attendant to "vérifier les garnitures des freins," the chances are he'll ask you to repeat yourself and then say: "Vous voulez dire *chequer les linings de vos brakes*?"

But I, for one, can't see what all the fuss is about. If we ever do "purify" our French, what will it sound like? Will we talk like Parisians, who go to "cocktail parties," on "weekends," and hold "dancings"? Or will our language be purer than the French Academy itself, which tolerantly accepts some colorful words from other languages?

The fight rages on. Not long ago, a

columnist in Montreal's *Le Devoir* suggested that all schoolteachers in Quebec be replaced by teachers imported from France. Someone wrote to the newspaper where I work, *Le Soleil*, objecting to the name of my department, "promotion." But I fought back. The French word would be "animation," and I don't want that on my door.

Only one statement, in fact, in the whole argument has made sense to me. It was made by a wise old historian, the lion of French-Canadian nationalism in an earlier day, Msgr. Lionel Groulx. What Quebec needs for the survival of its language and culture, said Msgr. Groulx, is an "economic revolution."

PROFILE: the amateur diplomats

A Spanish brother and sister strolled into a busy Toronto real-estate office one afternoon in 1959 and asked to see the Spanish consul. They were in the right place. The Spanish vice-consul for Ontario is Harold F. Fishleigh, a real-estate broker who has been a Toronto alderman and a member of the Ontario legislature and who can't speak a word of Spanish. He found the girl a job as a maid and took the boy—whose name he promptly changed from Jesus to Joe—home.

Fishleigh is one of 154 honorary consuls who represent 37 countries in Canada. Honorary consuls, like career consuls, look after the business affairs of the country they represent in Canada, but unlike career consuls, they are Canadian citizens and they receive no salary. Their only diplomatic privilege is a small CC—for consular corps—on their license plates, but that, according to most honorary consuls, is enough to keep away ticket-writing policemen. Their only reward is gratitude—and occasionally honors—from the country they work for.

Most consuls have visited the country that employs them and some even speak its language. But even so most of them, like R. J. Fisher, the Belgian consul in Halifax, are asked to be consul because of their business connections—Fisher is an executive of a steamship line. Their duties involve visas, arrangements for importing and exporting, and answering what Fabian O'Dea, the French consul in St. John's, Newfoundland, calls "a lot of foolish letters."

Honorary consuls, like the career diplomats they mingle with at consular corps cocktail parties, are a discreet group and prefer not to talk about the undiplomatic side of their work. But Harold Fishleigh has one story he is sure he can tell.

When the six soldiers who made up the Spanish equestrian team came to Toronto in 1956 for an international jumping competition, Fishleigh volunteered to be their chauffeur. But the Spaniards were "so handsome that girls just mobbed them," Fishleigh says, "I've



SR. HAROLD F. FISBLEIGH

never seen anything like it." They kept Fishleigh waiting every night, while they were busy elsewhere. On the day shift out at the horse ring, though, they were losing badly. So Fishleigh wired the Spanish ambassador in Ottawa, who came to Toronto and gave the soldiers "a real dressing down." The soldiers went on to win the competition while Harold Fishleigh, the proud Spanish consul, cheered loudly from the wings.



BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

TOMMY DOUGLAS' vision of the carefully-planned, fully-insured promised land

"I seldom, if ever, describe myself as a socialist anymore," Tommy Douglas said, twisting his wiry five and a half foot into one of the Chateau Laurier's frizzled high arm chairs. "Not because I'm afraid or ashamed of it, but because it's become an all-inclusive word, like peace. You've got to be pragmatic in politics today. Your objectives and the plans you have for attaining them, are far more important than your label."

For the next two hours, Douglas talked to me about his political beliefs and of his grand strategy "to get the Canadian economy moving again." During the private, hotel-room conversation—shortly before the New Party convention which he hoped would choose him as leader—the Saskatchewan premier made a far different impression from his public image. Instead of the salty orator, hurling sloganized invective ("We need bigger hearts, not bigger bombs"), he was deliberate and introspective, searching to express an ideology grown dim during thirty years of political campaigning.

At a time when more and more European socialist parties are softening their old-line anti-capitalist positions to become fuzzy movements for further social reform, Douglas faces a harsh dilemma. The affluent society of the 1960s has toned down the social abuses of the 1930s sufficiently to have destroyed much of socialism's moral appeal. Yet Douglas realizes that to have any significant impact on the Canadian electorate, the New Party must whip up a Messianic crusade and find a substitute for socialism's obsolete proposition that all the evils of society flow from the free enterprise system. His solution is most clearly stated in Douglas' assessment of the next federal election campaign. "The main issue," he told me, "will be exactly what John Diefenbaker predicted: a battle between socialism and free enterprise. The fight is whether the economy is to be planned by the government for the benefit of the people, or planned by those who control the corporate wealth of Canada for their own enrichment."

Classes will keep struggling

Douglas has, in effect, pledged himself to continue the class struggle, but with a shift of emphasis. Instead of inciting workers against the propertied classes, he proposes vastly increased governmental powers that will redistribute the country's wealth without destroying free enterprise.

For public ownership—the cardinal principle of socialist belief—Douglas would substitute public control. "I've realized," he said, "that it's possible to plan an economy without owning it."

Douglas points to the sad nationalization record of England's post-war labor government as proof that public ownership does nothing to redistribute income which can't be done better through taxation and increased transfer payments. The Communist record demonstrates that human beings can feel themselves exploited at least as much



by publicly owned industries as private ones. Douglas reserves the power of nationalization for "national monopolies," such as the distribution of natural gas and other industries "where the net gain in national welfare can be seen, with the expected benefits outrunning the expected costs."

"I'd use nationalization as a tool, not as a threat," he said. "But if Canadian subsidiaries of American companies continue to fly in the face of national policy, then their takeover might become necessary. Naturally, the more public ownership we have in Canada, the fewer services and activities will be available for American investment."

On what nation would Douglas model the Canadian economy? Most closely on Israel, which he visited with his wife in 1959. "It's a political democracy where men are masters of their own destiny," he said. "The farms are all co-operatives, industry is one-third government owned, one-third private and one-third trade union. The value is coming back to the people who produce. They're not slaving night and day to build a millionaire's row. Everybody gets the benefits." Douglas referred so frequently to Israel as an example of the kind of economy Canada should have, that at one point in our interview he joked: "I guess you think they circumcised me over there."

Douglas believes that the application of Israel's social revolution to Canada would involve federal management of the economy with three main objectives: A more equitable distribution of income; closer correlation of consumer consumption with production capacities; and a more efficient utilization of human resources. To achieve these goals, Douglas advocates a radical version of the planned economy Canada was forced to adopt during World War II.

This would mean a mammoth multi-

plication of the federal civil service. A Douglas government would set up a ministry of planning to take firm control of The Bank of Canada and establish a National Investment Board with direction over how much and where public and private investment is utilized. There would also be a Planning and Development Council (for liaison with provincial governments), a Canadian Development Fund (for private investment in crown corporations) and a Capital Projects Commission (for industrialization of the Maritimes). A Guaranteed Employment Act would enable every jobless Canadian to claim work from the government as a social right; national commissions in energy, housing and transportation would have control over their industries.

Douglas advocates free trade for Canada. He considers tariffs (which on prairie hogstings he calls "deficiency payments to manufacturers") as outmoded. Instead, he'd protect domestic industries through export-import boards and international treaties, comparable to the international wheat agreement. For agriculture, he wants to institute a national parity price policy through a system of guaranteed forward prices, supplemented by deficiency payments when necessary.

His approach to redistributing wealth in Canada includes the national extension of the medical plan he'll be implementing in Saskatchewan this fall. He also visualizes a contributory federal retirement plan that would guarantee citizens over 65 at least half the income they averaged during their best earning years. A Douglas government in Ottawa would sponsor a term life insurance plan and substantially augmented unemployment insurance payments.

Socialism's traditional humanistic flavor shows up in Douglas' assertion that the state must provide free educa-

tion, at all levels, to anyone with the intelligence to absorb it. "Any boy digging ditches who might have become a scientist is a greater loss than a million square miles of timber blazing in northern Saskatchewan," he said. "We have to move back to the wartime philosophy of education, when we spent \$25,000 in state funds to train a fighter pilot." He wants also to establish a national centre for medical research.

Douglas is least specific on how he would finance his version of the Welfare State. He hopes to set off his plans for decreasing taxes on low incomes by imposing further tax measures, to an extent that sounds punitive, on business enterprises. The Corporation Tax, already one of the world's highest, would be raised, depreciation allowances reduced, tax deductions for sales promotion and advertising lowered, succession duties increased and a capital gains tax imposed on the sale of land and securities.

No sensations in foreign affairs

Douglas' last official brush with international affairs was his 1936 trip to Geneva as a delegate to the League of Nations, but he has kept himself well informed, and with one exception, his foreign affairs plank is not sensational. He advocates the recognition of Communist China, the establishment of a United Nations police force (with Canada as one of its moving spirits) and the acceptance by this country of membership in the Organization of American States. He would withdraw Canada from NORAD and not allow nuclear warheads on Canadian soil. He also wants to increase our foreign aid contributions to 2% of the national income (about twelve times our present effort) and proposes the establishment of a voluntary service corps to staff co-operative aid schemes. His single dramatic departure from former Canadian foreign policy suggestions is that we withdraw from NATO, unless that organization agrees to place itself under the United Nations. (Such a step would immobilize NATO, because its actions would be subject to the Russian veto.)

Near the close of our talk, Douglas reminisced about his student days at the University of Chicago. "At that time," he said, "Norman Thomas used to get several million votes for the presidency. Minnesota had a socialist governor, and Milwaukee, where I used to preach on Sundays, had a socialist mayor. Now they're all gone. The progressive forces on this continent have been all but eliminated."

"In terms of comfort, the enjoyment of work and salary, I'd far rather stay in Saskatchewan," Douglas concluded, "but I don't see any hope of getting the Canadian economy back on the rails, unless something like the New Party stirs things up." Then the prairie premier made one final prediction. "If," he said, "the New Party doesn't succeed, it will mean that for the next twenty-five years there'll be no left-of-centre political party in Canada."



U.S. REPORT

Ian Sclanders IN WASHINGTON

A cook's tour through the best political kitchens

ONE SWeltering WASHINGTON NOON in the summer of 1904, Joseph Cannon of Illinois, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, asked for bean soup in the House restaurant. The waiter said he was sorry but the weather was so warm the chef hadn't made any.

"Thunderation," bellowed Speaker Cannon, "I had my mouth set on bean soup. From now on, hot or cold, rain, snow or shine, I want it on the menu every day."

So, since 1904, bean soup has never failed to appear on the bill of fare. It has, indeed, become as much of a tradition under the Capitol dome as filibusters and committee investigations, and people sniff the steam that rises from it with reverent noses, as though it had been prepared from rare and priceless ingredients. In my own opinion the concoction is overrated and not nearly up to Canadian pea soup. Yet it's still a bit of a shock to discover that the vaunted congressional brew contains nothing exotic at all—just white beans, a smoked ham hock, salt and pepper.

The ancient formula is revealed at last in the sixth edition of the Congressional Club Cook Book, which is newly off the press. This plump and informative volume—plumper and more informative by far than its predecessors, the first of which was published in 1937—was put together by the wives of Washington's top political figures, jurists and diplomats, with a helping hand from their husbands and from state governors.

If you want to try the famous soup without journeying to Washington, soak



JOE CANNON'S BEAN SOUP

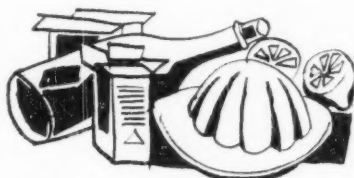
two pounds of white beans in cold water overnight. Drain and re-cover with water. Add the smoked ham hock and simmer for four hours. Season with salt and pepper and, just before serving, bruise the beans with a spoon or ladle until the liquid is clouded.

There are other revelations in the book. Did you know, for instance, that if Dwight D. Eisenhower hadn't been an outstanding general, he might have won a reputation for himself in any army cookhouse? He enjoys cooking for large groups and has contributed his own recipe for beef stew. For sixty portions, use twenty pounds of beef, eight pounds of small Irish potatoes, six bunches of small carrots, five pounds of small onions, fifteen fresh tomatoes, three gallons of beef stock, thyme, bay leaves, salt, pepper, Accent, flour. Stew meat in stock until tender. Add vegetables and seasonings. When vegetables are done, thicken the stew slightly with flour and let it simmer for half an hour.

Campobello, the Canadian island in the Bay of Fundy where Franklin D. Roosevelt spent so many summers, has wild blueberries everywhere. FDR was fond of a blueberry pudding which, Eleanor Roosevelt recalls, she made

this way: Line bottom and sides of casserole or china bowl with slices of white bread from which the crusts have been cut. Pour in cooked and sweetened blueberries to cover bottom, then add more bread and more blueberries, alternating until the dish is filled. Refrigerate for several hours so berry juice will soak through bread, and serve with plain or whipped cream.

The Congressional Club Cook Book also has a recipe from the widow of another president, Woodrow Wilson. This is how Mrs. Wilson makes wine jelly: Add one pint of cold water to

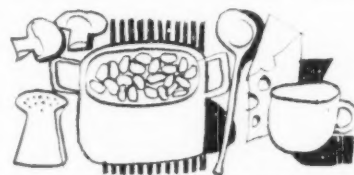


MRS. WOODROW WILSON'S WINE JELLY

four packages of gelatin, then stir in three pints of boiling water, two pounds of granulated sugar, the juice of two lemons, the rind of one lemon, and a pint of good strong wine. Slice one lemon in thin slices and add. Set in cold place to congeal.

Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson and his wife are both represented in the distinguished company of recipe contributors. The vice-president, a Texan, turns out to be an expert on Pedernales River Chili, which is compounded with four pounds of ground beef, one large onion, two cloves of garlic, one teaspoon of ground oregano, one teaspoon of comino seed, six teaspoons of chili powder, two cans of tomatoes, salt to taste and two cups of hot water. Put the meat, onions and garlic in a skillet and sear, add the seasoning, tomatoes and water, bring to a boil and simmer for an hour.

Mrs. Johnson offers her formula for lima beans with cheese sauce: Cook frozen baby lima beans in salted water according to the directions on the package. Drain thoroughly. Put small amount of butter in a saucepan and melt; add small can of mushrooms and sear lightly. Add one tablespoon of flour and half a cup of milk to make thick white sauce, add three quarters



MRS. LYNDON JOHNSON'S LIMA BEANS

of a cup of grated cheese and let it melt, then add lima beans.

Some of the recipes are disappointing simply because they are from individuals from whom you expect a great deal, like Hon. William O. Douglas, associate justice of the Supreme Court, author, mountain climber, philosopher and, all in all, one of Washington's shining intellectuals. Douglas tells how he cooks trout outdoors: Get a good-sized rock with a flat surface and prop it up at an angle of forty-five degrees. Build a fire against the rock and keep



HON. WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS' FRIED TROUT

it going for several hours. Then move the fire back about two feet. Dust off the rock and prepare the trout. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper and roll them in flour. Place the whole fish on the rock without any grease. Do not turn the fish. The heat of the rock cooks the underside of the trout and the heat of the fire cooks the outside.

Much as I respect and admire Justice Douglas, cooking trout on a stone you have to heat for several hours, instead of in a frying pan, is like rubbing two sticks together to start a fire when you have a pocketful of matches.

Chief Justice Earl Warren of the Supreme Court does better than his colleague. Here's how he advises you to cook a seven pound leg of lamb: Wipe the roast and spread a thin coat of prepared mustard over it. Season well with salt and pepper. Cut small slits and insert small cloves of garlic. Place in a deep tin or roasting pan and put in a 350-degree oven, counting one-half an hour to the pound. When half done pour off all the fat. Then baste with one-half cup of sherry and one-half cup of water and roast until tender. Do not cover. Make gravy as usual by adding flour to pan juice from which most of the fat has been removed, gradually adding water and one cup of milk or cream. Add salt, pepper, a dash of sugar or a teaspoon of sweet jam or jelly. Let simmer a few minutes.

Secretary of the Treasury C. Douglas Dillon, who is a millionaire banker, the owner of a French vineyard, and a noted gourmet, likes fried chicken too. He prepares it in this fashion: Split three whole breasts of chicken in half, remove skin and bones, pound with wooden mallet between sheets of waxed paper. Mix four ounces of butter, quarter of a cup of flour, two tablespoons of chopped chives, salt and pepper. Cut butter mixture in pieces and put piece on each breast. Roll up, dust with flour, brush with beaten egg, dip in bread crumbs and fry five minutes in deep fat at 375 degrees.

Dillon's recipe is pretty fancy, but it's outshone by those from the wives of some of the ambassadors stationed in Washington. If you're going anywhere tonight, you'd better not try *michha trong kraung*, as cooked by Madame Nong Kimmy, wife of the Cambodian ambassador to the U.S., for it contains fifteen garlic cloves, no less. But if you're staying home, want a new experience, and can lay your hands on a couple of hard-to-get items like lemon leaves, citronella stems, coco rape and *rumdeng*, whatever that is, Madame Nong's *michha trong kraung* or decorated fish sounds interesting and she assures us that it has an "exquisite odor."

Nobody, of course, can do such a magnificent job as the French on fillets of sole, and Madame Nicole Herve Al-

phand, wife of the ambassador from France to the U.S., lays six sole fillets on a buttered baking dish and sprinkles them with salt and a tablespoon of melted butter. Then she pours half a glass of dry wine and the juice of a lemon around them, adds water if it's needed to cover the bottom of the dish, and bakes the fish fifteen minutes at 400 degrees. She transfers the fillets to a platter, garnishes them with twelve cooked and shelled shrimps and twelve poached oysters, and makes a sauce of the liquid in which the fish cooked (boiled down to one third of its volume), one cup of cream, two egg yolks and four tablespoons of butter. This is strained over the fillets and the platter is put under the oven broiler to glaze the sauce.

Not only the French, but the French Canadians, are in the Congressional Club Cook Book. Mrs. Arnold Heeney, wife of Canada's ambassador to the



FRENCH-CANADIAN TOURTIERE

U.S., contributed an old Quebec recipe for *tourtiere*, or pork pie. She combines one small onion chopped, a pound and a half of ground lean raw pork, a teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of sage and quarter of a cup of water, and cooks them for twenty-five minutes. She dumps the mixture into a pie plate lined with pastry, covers it with pastry, and bakes at 450 degrees for fifteen minutes, then reduces the oven temperature to 350 degrees and bakes for five or ten minutes more.

But, in case you started with congressional bean soup, didn't like it, and wish to try a soup that's less prosaic, there's *saltibarsciai*, as brewed by Mrs. Joseph Kajeckas of the Lithuanian Legation in Washington. Easy, too. Dissolve three bouillon cubes in four cups of boiling water, add a can of shoe-string beets, cool slightly. Add a finely cut green onion, one peeled diced small cucumber, two or three blossoms of dill, finely chopped. Salt to taste. Blend in half a pint of sour cream and one diced hardboiled egg. Chill several



MRS. JOSEPH KAJECKAS' SALTIBARSCIAI

hours and serve in chilled soup bowls with hot potatoes boiled in their jackets.

The only thing wrong with *saltibarsciai*, which is delicious, is that in Washington the hot spud in the ice cold soup can be counted on to produce a feeble gag about some senator or representative. Picked up a political hot potato. So hot he must have dropped it in the soup, you know. ✓

ENTERTAINMENT

THE CASE FOR: more and better sports scholarships

Are there athletic bums in Canadian universities? Not in the American sense, where muscles mean scholarships and marks are meaningless. But some young athletes do go to college without paying their own tuitions, and some old athletes feel there's a strong case in favor of universities making athletic scholarships available to more young men. One of them is Johnny Munro, who played football at Queen's University and for the Toronto Argonauts, and who recently retired as a Big Four referee. Munro's case:

It's a not-very-well-kept secret that some college football players get financial help at school — my estimate is that about 40 are assisted each year in the four big eastern colleges; my old school, Queen's, the University of Western Ontario at London, the University of Toronto and McGill University in Montreal.

Some Big Four football stars gained their education through enthusiastic alumni who supplied financial support

either directly or through associations. These athletes met and maintained the university's academic standards and, at Queen's at least, I know for a fact that the identity of none was known to the faculty, the coach or to the trustees. In no way was there any university blessing.

The current Grey Cup champions, the Ottawa Rough Riders, got four stars from Queen's who were sponsored through college — ace halfback Ron Stewart, defensive captain Gary Schreider, defensive end Lou Bruce and lineman Jim Hughes.

I think this is a good thing. I ought to; that's how I got to college myself. A millionaire contractor in Kingston was my sponsor. I've tried to repay the favor with other boys. Stewart, Schreider, Hughes and Lou Bruce are doing the same thing now.

There's no question in my mind that other colleges are similarly involved. I've talked to boys over the years who've said, "Sorry, I've agreed to go to another school." I personally think

it's a wonderful thing. I wish there were out-and-out athletic scholarships. A lot of boys who couldn't otherwise get to college are making fine lives. Schreider and Stewart are lawyers in Ottawa, and Hughes is running a flourishing insurance firm there, for three examples.

I've been asked if there are abuses of the present method. I know it was rumored a few years ago that the American quarterback at Queen's, Gus Braccia, had been paid \$5,000 for the football season. That's ridiculous. I heard about Braccia, who went from Pennsylvania to try out with the Ottawa Rough Riders. He didn't make it. Former Argonaut general manager Harry Sonshine, also a Queen's graduate, talked to him and learned he had academic credits to qualify for Queen's. If anybody says he got more than \$500 they're exaggerating.

When Vic Obeck was at McGill it was general knowledge that he set up a grant-in-aid system to help good footballers. Obeck, now athletic director at

New York University, was football coach and athletic director at McGill in the early 1950s. By his plan, students were lent tuition money which they paid back when they graduated and went to work. The plan was abandoned when Obeck departed but alumni still assist footballers. One, quarterback star Tom Skyeck, led the team to its first inter-collegiate championship in 22 years last fall. He is a graduate of Cornell, and now he's taking dentistry at McGill.

In the opinion of Warren Stevens, athletic director at the University of Toronto, Skyeck is good enough for the Big Four. But none of the schools can bid for players like Skyeck, Stevens points out.

"Oh, we can talk to them," he says. "We can tell 'em what a nice place we've got. We can tell 'em that the ivy on our walls is a lovely shade of green."

But they can't tell them that the money is a lovely shade of green. The alumni do that. ✓

PROFILE: an actor's mysterious effect on actors

Paul Scofield, the taciturn English actor who plays Don Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost* and the title role in *Coriolanus* at this year's Stratford Shakespearean Festival, seems to be playing to the rarest double triumph in the theatre. A critic's hero onstage, he has become an actor's hero off.

"I've been trying to get Scofield to come to Canada since I saw him play Mercutio and Hamlet at Stratford, England, a dozen years ago. I am his profound admirer," says Michael Langham, the Festival's artistic director. William Needles, who plays Sir Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost*, says, "It's an experience and a lesson to work in a theatre with him." John Colicos, who plays Tullus Aufidius in *Coriolanus*, says, "There is absolutely no bar between him and the projection of any emotion. I admire him as an actor but even more I admire his freedom of personality as a man."

Scofield is 39, handsome, and preserves his privacy as assiduously as most actors are thought to chase publicity. He arrived at Stratford with his wife Joy Parker, who plays the prin-

cess in *Love's Labour's Lost*, two weeks after rehearsals had started, and has been seldom seen — outside the theatre — since. Both Scofields avoid cast parties and spend their days off at picnics with their nine-year-old daughter Sarah and other local families, like the Douglas Campbells.

Scofield was a leading actor in the



STRATFORD'S QUIET MAN

company that reopened the Memorial Theatre in Stratford, England, in 1946. He stayed there for three seasons playing Shakespearean leads, and before and since in London's west end he has played everything from an alcoholic priest in Graham Greene's *The Power*

and *The Glory* to a singing confidence man in the musical *Expresso Bongo*. In 1956 the Queen made him a Commander of the British Empire for his services as Hamlet with the first English theatre company to perform in Moscow since the 1917 revolution.

For Scofield, the Stratford Festival theatre was "a revelation. The audience and the actors are so close together here. I don't find Canadian audiences at all foreign. But then I didn't find Russian audiences in Moscow foreign either." At work but not onstage Scofield sits by himself and puffs meditatively on his pipe. He is courteous and friendly when he speaks, but he seldom speaks unless spoken to. "I suppose I am rather quiet at work," he says. "But I rather think one should be quiet then, and get on with it."

His silence seems to mystify other actors. "I've never brushed against anything quite like it," Jack Creley, who plays Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost* and Nicanor in *Coriolanus*, says. "I'm going to find out, if I can, just how that man has achieved such peace of mind." —JOAN GANONG

Why Glenn Miller goes swinging on and on and on

Yes, Glenn Miller is gone, if you've been wondering. But, no, Glenn Miller bands are not. That seems to be show-business these days, and here's how it works. In the 17 years since Miller's death, at least four former Miller musicians have led bands playing Miller music. The latest is Ray McKinley, now beginning his own television show. Countless others have made money recording "tribute" albums. In fact, so many bands have exploited Miller's name that his estate (owned by his widow Helen), while still controlling the original Miller orchestrations, has given up trying to restrain any but the most blatant infringements.

Even so, the estate is doing well — out of royalties on old Miller records, sheet-music sales, the McKinley band and some New York City real estate. The manager of the estate, a Wall Street lawyer named David Mackay, won't say how much these earnings are but concedes they're more than Miller

made at his peak: \$1 million a year.

McKinley, a former Miller drummer, is only the second authorized successor to Miller. The first was Tex Beneke, the horse-faced tenor saxophonist and singer, who was hired by the estate soon after the war to front a band using the Miller orchestrations. Beneke decided later that he could be more popular than Miller had been if he developed a style of his own. The estate retrieved the orchestrations, and Beneke began discovering how wrong he was.

With the orchestrations in the vault, arranger Jerry Gray and trumpeter Ray Anthony, both former Miller men, produced separate "tribute" albums. Then an obscure bandleader named Ralph Flanagan became a Miller "successor" in a classic case of mistaken identity. Somebody at RCA Victor persuaded the company to record and promote Flanagan's "Miller" music on the grounds that he had played with Miller. Flanagan made several success-

ful records before somebody else at Victor discovered Flanagan had never played with Miller but had been mistaken for a former Miller arranger, Billy Finegan.

After the success of a 1954 movie, *The Glenn Miller Story*, which grossed \$12 million, McKinley was hired by the estate to front The New Glenn Miller Orchestra.

Even with Helen Miller's blessing the use of Miller's name arouses "considerable resentment" among fans and musicians, Mackay admits. But he insists: "It's Miller's music we're keeping alive — and rightly so."

In July, I asked Bobby Hackett — probably the finest trumpet player Miller ever employed — how he felt about the present Miller revival. Hackett praised Miller's music and made a point of describing McKinley as "a very good friend of mine." Then he added: "But personally I believe in letting him (Miller) rest." —HAL TENNANT

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Two good ones from Italy

LA DOLCE VITA is one of two recent and powerful Italian films. In this one the Swedish-American bosom queen, Anita Ekberg, is awesomely typecast as a sex-goddess from Hollywood who visits Rome — a metropolis depicted here as a cesspool of pagan sensuality and despair. Writer-director Federico Fellini



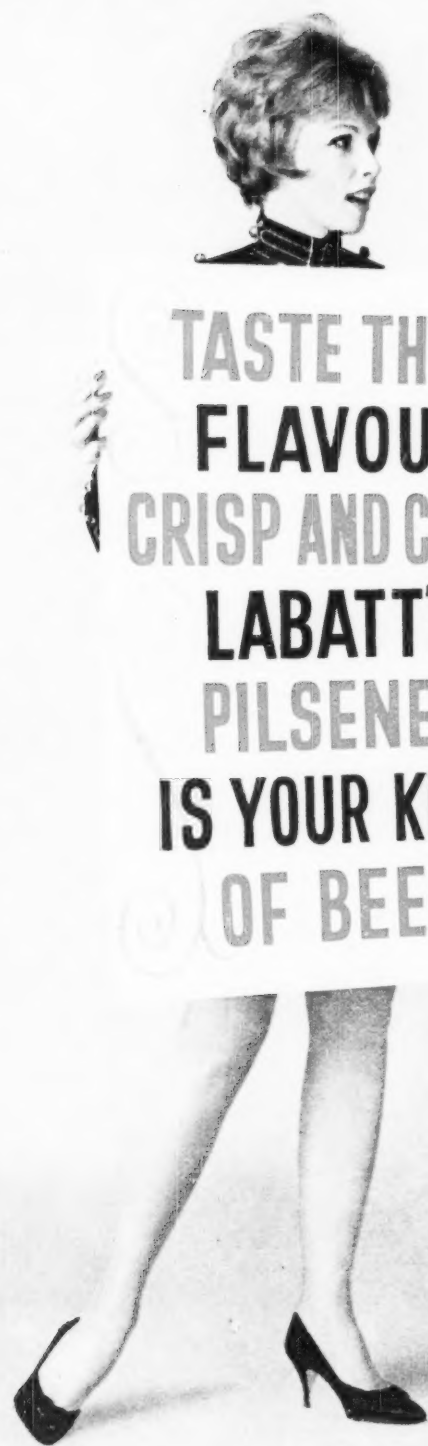
leaves the audience guessing as to his own philosophy. **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS**, another major export from Italy, wrings the maximum emotional impact from a familiar story about a big city's corrupting influence on a family from the country. The brilliant direction is by Luchino Visconti.

CALL ME GENIUS: Although it slows down a bit toward the end, this British yarn is a very funny spoof of modern art, cultured beatniks, high-pressure ballyhoo and other manifestations of our times. The English TV clown, Tony Hancock, appears as a pudding-faced bookkeeper who quits his job in London and goes to Paris, where he becomes the darling of the Left Bank as the founder of the "Infantile School" of painting and sculpture.

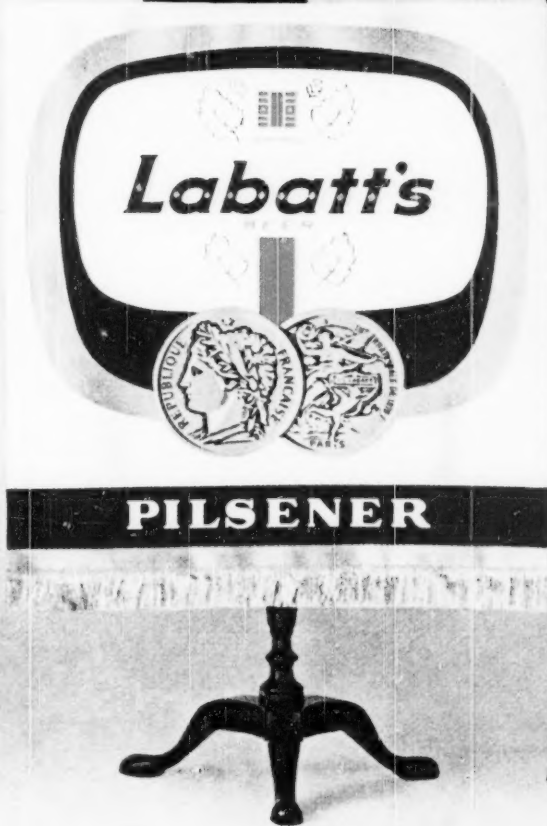
THE LAST TIME I SAW ARCHIE: Robert Mitchum appears in this heavy-footed military comedy as a uniformed confidence man who convinces his buddies that he is not a buck private, as he seems, but a general of Intelligence, hot on the trail of a dangerous Japanese spy. There is a hilarious bit-part by Don Knotts as a fatuous captain who imagines that he is fondly known as "Old Ironpants" among "his men."

And these are worth seeing:

Fanny
The Guns of Navarone
On the Double
The Parent Trap



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FLAVOUR
CRISP AND CLEAR
LABATT'S
PILSENER
IS YOUR KIND
OF BEER**



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